

THE
NEWTONIAN



1922

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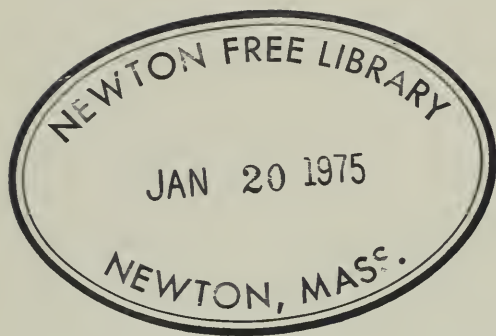
Lisbeth Leighton

Class III

Newton High School.

June 19, 1922





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MR. ENOCH C. ADAMS

Enoch Case Adams

1852-1921

For Twenty-four Years

Principal

Of the Newton High School

Teacher

Of Large Heart and Broad Vision

Gentleman, Respected Citizen

Wise Counsellor and Loyal Friend

Of Boys and Girls

In Memory and Love of Him

And in Gratitude for All He Did for This School

We

The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-two

Dedicate the Thirteenth Volume of the

“Newtonian”

To E. C. A.

What is success that men seek after fame?

The triumph of an instant, one bright flash?

Perhaps. But what is left? A dream, a name,

And calm, mute memory, a burnt-out ash!

How much better is it to plant a seed

From which a spreading tree shall spring;

A lasting monument, a living meed,

Where sunlight flickers and wild birds sing.

A man who sets his goal above the grave

For brilliant name and plaudits of the mob,

And plants friendships that last beyond the grave,

Has won reward from which time cannot rob.

Gold begets not gold, fame comes to an end;

But from great love springs love, from friend, a friend.

Robert Donaldson Darrell

Foreword

WE are on the threshold of the future, and are to step higher and farther than we have ever gone before. These four or five happy years of our high school life, possibly happier than we shall ever know again, are gone, and we cannot recall them if we would. What is there left to us by which we can bring back to us these earlier days of our youth? Only this—the record of the class of 1922—the thirteenth issue of the *Newtonian*; and may its message of good-fellowship and honest endeavor go forth to every member of our class to help and cheer them in the uncertain years to come.

This book could not have been made by any one person, or by any small group of persons; for it is the combined work of the entire school—and more especially the lasting monument which shall go down to posterity as the contribution of the Class of 1922 to the Newton High School.

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NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL



NEWTONIAN STAFF

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THE 1922 NEWTONIAN

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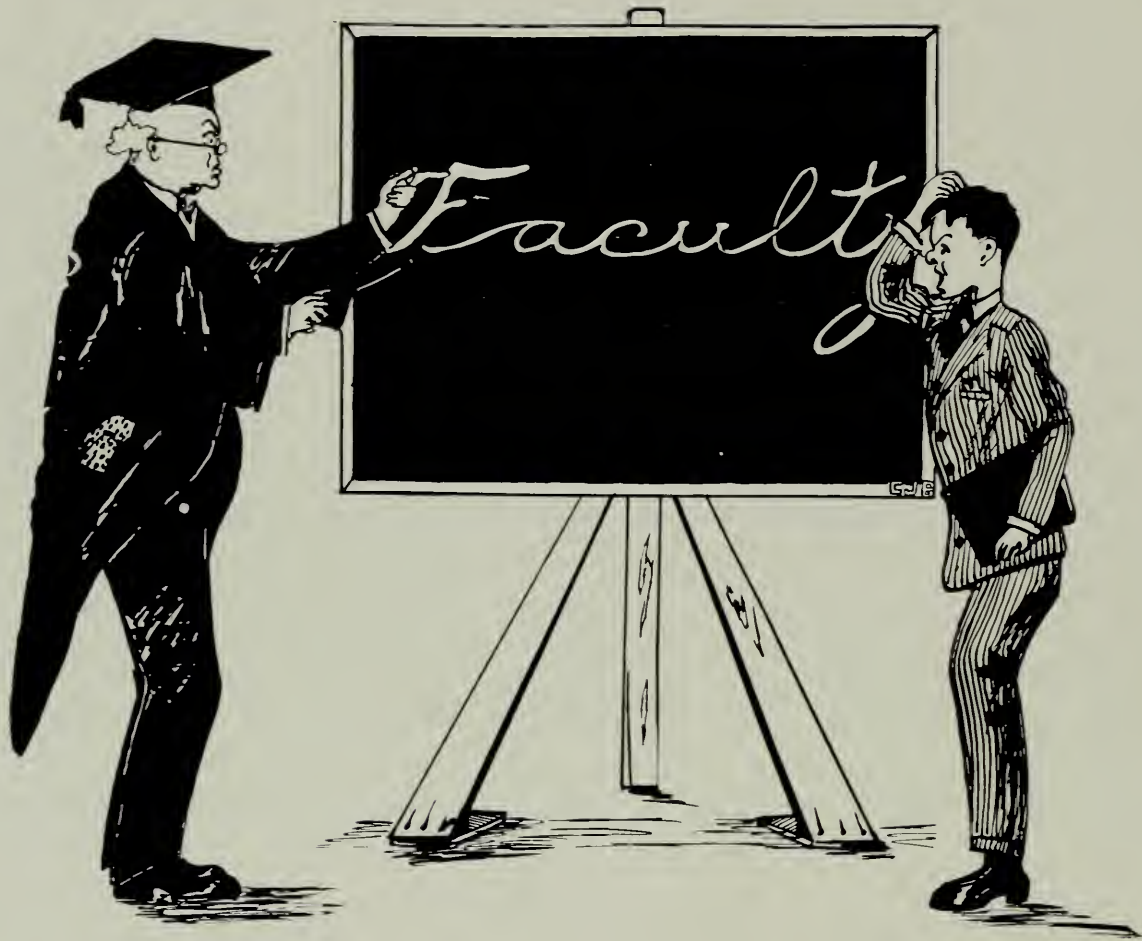
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Faculty Advisors

SAMUEL THURBER

CHARLES MERGENDAHL

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL



Faculty

ENOCH C. ADAMS, PRINCIPAL*
22 Lenox St., West Newton

S. WARREN DAVIS	21 Elm St., West Newton	Latin
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MARGARET MCGILL	82 Madison Ave., Newtonville	History
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JULIA CURRIER	68 Brookside Ave., West Newton	Laboratory Assistant
ALFRED W. DICKINSON	16 Otis Place, Newtonville	History, Mathematics
MARTHA M. DIX	293 Fuller St., West Newton	Drawing
MAIDA FLANDERS	12 Lake Terrace, Newton Centre	Physical Training
CECILE E. GIROUX	9 Sunnyside Ave., Winter Hill	French
MAY B. GOODWIN	20 Gay St., Newtonville	Latin
BERTHA HACKETT	74 Highland Ave., Newtonville	English, Librarian
EMILY HAZEN	236 Auburn St., Auburndale	Latin
IRENE HARWORTH	116 Oxford St., Cambridge	English
ARTHUR F. HERTEL	1469 Beacon St., Brookline	Latin
ELSIE W. JEFFERS	25 Payson Rd., Belmont	French
HELENA M. KEES	27 Ainsworth St., Roslindale	Physical Training

*Died November 17, 1921

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

H. ANNA KENNEDY	30 Park Ave., South Weymouth	Science
GRACE S. KUNTZ	337 Cabot St., Newtonville	Physical Training
MINERVA E. LELAND	2072 Washington St., Newton Lower Falls	Mathematics
MARY A. LEWIS	336 Cabot St., Newtonville	Spanish, French
PHILIP MARSON	91 Wallingford Rd., Brighton	English
OSCAR MARTIN	11 Hyde St., Newton Highlands	Physical Training
BERTHA P. MAYNARD	22 Center St., Cambridge	French
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ROLAND R. SMITH	27 Matchett St., Brighton	Mathematics
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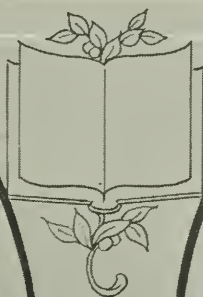


SHATTUCK WESTON OSBORNE
TREASURER

1922



GORDON
MILO
JENKINS
PROPHET



MARY
ROCHE
RICHARD
HISTORIAN



EDWIN
LOUGHREY
ORATOR



DOROTHY DANE COLBY
VALEDICTORIAN



ROGER BROWN SALINGER
STATISTICIAN

1922

The following pages—20 to 63
inclusive—contain the names and
portraits of the graduates of

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

1922



JANICE ABBOTT
 30 Carver Rd., Newton Highlands, Mass.
 "GOOD TASTE IS THE FLOWER OF GOOD SENSE"
 Nickname: "Jan"
 Born October 25, 1903
 Special Course, 3 years; Classical Course 2 years
 Room 24
 Entered from Hyde Grammar School
 College Intentions: N. E. Conservatory of Music
 Basketball, 1917-18-19-20-21
 French Club, 1919-20
 Glee Club, 1920-21-22
 English Club, 1921-22
 Senior Play, 1922



MADELON BARTLETT
 271 Mill St., Newtonville, Mass.
 "SHE IS ALWAYS READY TO HELP A FRIEND"
 Nickname: "Bobby"
 Born February 2, 1904
 General Course, Room 24
 Entered from Mason Grammar School
 College Intentions: Undecided
 Student Council, 1919, 1922
 Vice-President Class, 1921-22
 Review Staff, 1921
 Newtonian Staff, 1922
 Field Hockey, 1921
 English Club, 1919-20-21-22



ELIZABETH DEAN BENNETT
 80 Prescott St., Newtonville
 "SILENCE IS ONE GREAT ART OF CONVERSATION"
 Nickname: "Benny," "Lib"
 Born August 27, 1905
 Classical Course, Room 14
 Entered from Horace Mann School
 College Intentions: Wellesley
 Glee Club, 1921-22
 English Club, 1921-22
 Class Basketball, 1921-22



DANIEL BERKELEY BIANCHI
 56 Warren St., Newton Centre
 "HIS VERY HAIR IS OF A DISSEMBLING COLOR"
 Nickname: "Dan"
 Born November 1, 1904
 Classical Course, Room 23
 Entered from Mason Grammar School
 College Intentions: Harvard
 Class Football, 1919, Captain, 1920
 Class Baseball, 1920
 Student Council, 1920
 Boys Glee Club, 1920-21-22
 English Club, 1921-22

1922

GEORGE HUNTINGTON BLACKETT

15 Jefferson St., Newton

"AN ALERT YOUNG FELLOW"

Born April 20, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 19

Entered from Brookline High School

College Intentions: Wesleyan

CHARLES SPURGEON BLAIR, JR.

826 Watertown St., West Newton

"UNRIVALED AS THY MERIT BE THY FAME"

Nickname: "Red"

Born October 20, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Horace Mann School

College Intentions: Undecided

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

Track Squad, 1919-20-21-22

Baseball Squad, 1919-20-21-22

N. H. S. Football, 1921

Class Baseball, 1920

Class Football, 1919

Class Basketball, 1918-19

Out-door Track Squad, 1922

EMILY ROSENA BLAISDELL

129 Arlington St., Newton

"THE WILL TO DO, THE SOUL TO DARE"

Nickname: "Polly"

Born August 22, 1905

Classical Course, Room 13

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Wheaton

Glee Club, 1921-22

English Club, 1922

Class Basketball, 1922

RUTH MARIAN BLISS

144 Hancock St., Auburndale

"A STILL SMALL VOICE"

Nickname: "Rufus"

Born November 21, 1904

Classical Course, Room 14

Entered from Jackman School, Newburyport

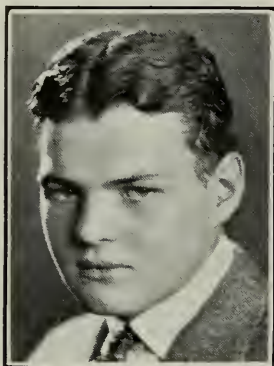
Glee Club, 1921-22

NH



1922

NH



GEORGE BOWEN

Braemore Rd., Newton

"MEN IN GENERAL, ARE BUT GREAT CHILDREN"

Nickname: "Dobie," "Red"

Born May 5, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Vocational High School

College Intentions: Undecided

N. H. S. Football, 1920-21

Class Football, 1919



ALICE BRISTOL BRACE

303 Highland Ave., West Newton

"NO FRIEND LIKE A TRUE FRIEND"

Nickname: "Al"

Born November 10, 1905

Classical Course, Room 14

Entered from Peirce Grammar School

College Intentions: Vassar

N. H. S. Hockey, 1920, Captain, 1921-22

N. H. S. Basketball, 1921-22

Class Basketball, 1918-19-20-21-22

Class Hockey Captain, 1918-19-20-21

English Club, 1921-22

Glee Club, 1921-22

Student Council, 1921-22

Tennis Team, 1920-21-22

Athletic Committee, 1921-22

Senior Party Committee, 1922



DOROTHY ANDREA BRACKETT

712 Washington St., Brighton

"THE WORLD BELONGS TO THE ENERGETIC"

Nickname: "Dot," "Brackie"

Born December 24, 1904

General Course, Room 24

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Normal Art

Class Volley Ball, 1921



HELEN MARGARET BRAY

4 Evergreen Ave., Auburndale

"BLESSED ARE THE MEEK

FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH"

Born February 10, 1906

Classical Course, Room 14

Entered from C. C. Burr School

College Intentions: Smith

1922

JOHN EARLE BREWER
145 Gibbs St., Newton Centre

"A PROPER MAN, AS ONE SHALL SEE, ON A SUMMER'S DAY"

Nickname: "Jack"

Born February 16, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Williams

Glee Club, 1921-22

Track Squad, 1920-21-22

Football Squad, 1921

Outdoor Track, 1922

Class Track Team, 1920-21-22

Senior Play, Stage Manager, 1922

GERALDINE SLADE BROCK
1136 Centre St., Newton Centre

"HER WAYS ARE WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS
AND ALL HER WAYS ARE PEACE"

Nickname: "Jerry," "Cherie"

Born August 24, 1902

Classical Course, Room 14

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Connecticut

English Club, 1919-20

Glee Club, 1921-22

Senior Play Committee

Student Council, 1920-21

IDA ALICE BROUGHTON
23 Pembroke St., Newton

"MEN HAVE SIGHT, WOMEN INSIGHT"

Nickname: "Ideclare"

Born September 29, 1905

Classical Course, 3 years; General Course, 1 year
Room 24

Entered from Cambridge Latin School

College Intentions: Perry Kindergarten School

English Club

Debating Club

Glee Club

CHARLES JEFFERSON BROWN
4 Gay St., Newtonville

"DID EVER MORTAL EYE BEHOLD
SUCH HEAVENLY GRACE"

Nickname: "Charlie," "Brownie"

Born May 19, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: Yale—Bowdoin

Newtonian Staff, 1922

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

English Club, 1921-22

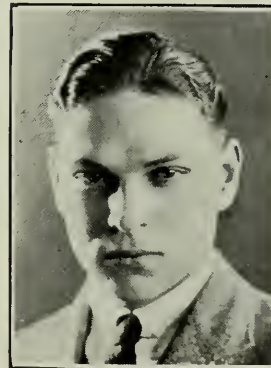
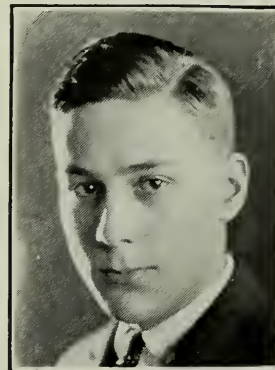
Class Football, 1920

Class Baseball, 1920-21

Track Squad, 1920-21-22

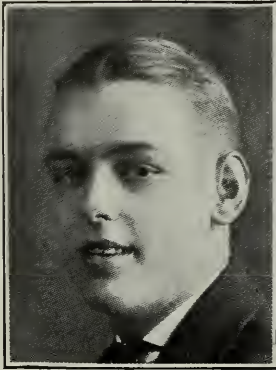
Outdoors Track Team, 1922

Debating Club, 1922



1922

NSH



KENNETH GORDON BROWN

25 Highland Ave., Newtonville

"PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD MAN"

Nickname: "Brownie"

Born November 9, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Claflin Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston University



RAYMOND D. BROWN

55 Adella Ave., West Newton

"THE SHEIK"

Nickname: "Ray"

Born March 3, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 23

Entered from Hamilton Grammar School

College Intentions: Lowell Textile

Ass't Manager Hockey, 1920



SIDNEY PIERCE BROWN

50 Shaw St., Newton

"HE HAS A FACE LIKE A BENEDICTION"

Nickname: "Brownie," "Sid"

Born August 5, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Peirce Grammar School

College Intentions: Bowdoin

Debating Club, 1919-20



CAROLYN PARKER BUTTS

120 Summer St., Newton Centre

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Nickname: "Lal"

Born February 29, 1904

Classical Course, Room 14

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Vassar

English Club, 1920-21-22

Class Basketball, 1920-21-22

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

Senior Party Committee

1922

JOHN EDWARD CANNON
208 Dedham St., Newton Highlands

"LET THY WORDS BE FEW"

Born October 29, 1903
Classical Course, Room 23
Entered from Hyde Grammar School
College Intentions: Boston University

REGINALD LAWRENCE CAPON

58 Channing Rd., Newton Centre

"ENCHANTING THOUGHT, AND LIVING WISDOM"

Nickname: "Reg," "Reggie," "Rex"

Born May 28, 1903
Classical Course, Room 23
Entered from Claffin Grammar School
College Intentions: N. E. Conservatory of Music
Harvard
English Club, 1920-21-22
Debating Club, 1921-22
Glee Club, 1921-22
Editor-in-Chief, "Review" 1920-21
Newtonian Staff

WILLIAM HENRY CHAPPLE, JR.

93 Hillside Rd., Newton Highlands

"HE STANDS HIGH IN THE HEARTS OF ALL"

Nickname: "Bill," "Junie"

Born June 26, 1904
Scientific Course, Room 14
Entered from Hyde Grammar School
College Intentions: Wesleyan
Debating Club, 1920-21-22
Glee Club, 1921-22
English Club, 1921-22
Football Squad, 1921
Track Squad, 1921-22
Class Baseball, 1921
Newtonian Staff

RUSSELL WATSON CLARK

15 Harrison St., Newton Highlands

"TRUE AS A NEEDLE TO THE POINT"

Nickname: "Russ"

Born July 19, 1905
Classical Course, Room 23
Entered from Hyde Grammar School
College Intentions: Dartmouth
Glee Club, 1920-21-22
Class Baseball
Class Football
Hockey Squad, 1920-21-22
English Club, 1921-22



1922



JOSEPH EMORY CLAPP, JR.
21 Lasell St., Auburndale

"FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS"

Nickname: "Mary," "J. E."

Born October 17, 1902

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Burr Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston University Business
Administration

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

Chess Club



DWIGHT COLBURN

77 Grasmere St., Newton

"YOUR HERO SHOULD BE TALL"

Nickname: "Hockey"

Born May 17, 1903

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Watertown High School

College Intentions: Williams

Class Football, 1920

Hockey Squad, 1920-21

Hockey Squad, 1921-22

Baseball Squad, 1921

Baseball Squad, 1922

Senior Play, 1922

Glee Club, 1920-21



DOROTHY DANE COLBY

51 Waldorf Rd., Newton Upper Falls

"A PRODIGY OF LEARNING"

Nickname: "Dot"

Born April 18, 1905

Classical Course, Room 14

Entered from Emerson Grammar School

College Intentions: School of Physical Education

Glee Club, 1921-22



FLORENCE ELIZABETH COLE

31 Tarleton Rd., Newton Centre

"TIS NO TASK FOR THE SUN TO SHINE"

Nickname: "Betty"

Born March 22, 1903

General Course, Room 24

Entered from Springfield Tech.

College Intentions: Undecided

Senior Play

1922

WAYNE BRUNING CONNER

544 Ward St., Newton Centre

"I WAS A WILD AND WAYWARD BOY"

Born May 1, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Alhambra High School, Los Angeles, Cal.

College Intentions: Boston University



WILFRED CORMIER

232 Watertown, Nonantum

"I HAVE DONE MY DUTY
AND DONE NO MORE"

Nickname: "Will"

Born May 27, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Stearns School

College Intentions: Tufts Engineering

Class Soccer, 1919

Class Baseball, 1919-20

N. H. S. Baseball Squad, 1921-22



EDWARD PAYSON CRANE

39 Grey Cliff Rd., Newton Centre

"WISDOM SHALL DIE WITH YOU"

Nickname: "Ed"

Born November 12, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Loomis Institute

College Intentions: Harvard

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

Senior Play

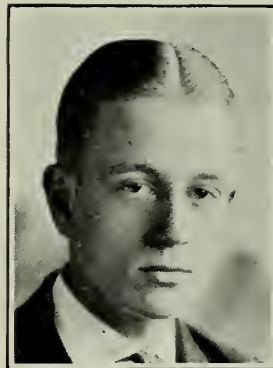
English Club, 1921-22

Ass't Manager Baseball, 1920

Ass't Manager Track, 1920-21

Track Squad, 1921-22

Debating Club, 1920-21-22



HENRY STANLEY CROSS

137 Hunnewell Ave., Newton

"I AM SURE CARE IS AN ENEMY TO LIFE"

Nickname: "Hen," "Hank"

Born June 5, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 19

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Business College



1922

NH



CLAIRE ELIZABETH CURLEY

79 Manet Rd., Chestnut Hill

"WHAT IS WORTH DOING AT ALL
IS WORTH DOING WELL"

Nickname: "Patsy"

Born October 21, 1905

Classical Course 2 years; General Course 2 years
Room 24

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Wheelock School

Class Basketball, 1919-20-21-22

N. H. S. Basketball, 1920-21-22

English Club, 1921-22

Debating Club, 1921-22



ELIZABETH BREWSTER CUSHMAN

35 Temple St., West Newton

"THE PRICE OF LEARNING IS MUCH EARNEST
STUDY"

Nickname: "Betty"

Born February 22, 1905

Classical Course, Room 14

Entered from Miss Carroll's School

College Intentions: Smith



ELIZABETH MARY DALY

121 Oak St., Newton Upper Falls

"GOOD GIRLS COME IN SMALL PACKAGES"

Nickname: "Libby"

Born August 11, 1905

Classical Course 2 years; General Course 3 years
Room 24

Entered from Ralph Waldo Emerson School

College Intentions: Framingham Normal



ROBERT DONALDSON DARRELL

15 Trowbridge St., Newton Centre

"YOUNG IN LIMB IN JUDGMENT OLD"

Nickname: "Kax"

Born December 13, 1903

Scientific Course

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Harvard

Editor of the Review

Debating Club

English Club

1922

FRANCES DAVIS
1045 Beacon St., Newton Centre
"THESE ARE ONLY TRULY GREAT

WHO ARE TRULY GOOD"

Nickname: "Franny," "Fran"

Born November 14, 1903

Classical Course, Room 14

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Business School

Glee Club, 1920-21



DOROTHY DODD

131 Warren St., Newton Centre

"A GOOD NAME IS BETTER THAN PRECIOUS OINTMENT"

Nickname: "Dot"

Born July 8, 1905

Classical Course, Room 14

Entered from Shurtleff School

College Intentions: Wellesley

Basketball, 1919-20

Ice Hockey, 1920-21

Glee Club, 1920-21-22



KATHLEEN JANET DOHERTY

41 Clark St., Newton Centre

"LAUGH AND BE FAT"

Nickname: "K"

Born January 9, 1905

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Girl's Latin School, 1921

College Intentions: Boston Normal School



ELIZABETH NICHOLS DONOVAN

45 Paul St., Newton Centre

"THE SWEETEST GARLAND TO THE SWEETEST MAID"

Nickname: "Libby," "Libby Don"

Born June 3, 1904

Classical Course, Room 14

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Wellesley

English Club, 1919-20-21-22

Glee Club, 1920-21

Review Staff, 1921-22

Newtonian Staff, 1921-22

Senior Play



1922



JAMES DRUMMOND DOW, JR.

514 Chestnut St., Waban

"HE HAS A CLASSICAL MIND"

Nickname: "Rowdy," "Jimmy"

Born March 16, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Arlington High

College Intentions: Harvard

Glee Club

Senior Play



PRESCOTT ROWE DROWNE

51 Endicott St., Newton Highlands

"A MORAL, SENSIBLE, WELL-BRED MAN"

Nickname: "Preck," "Prec"

Born January 25, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: Williams

Student Council, 1922

N. H. S. Hockey Team, 1920-21

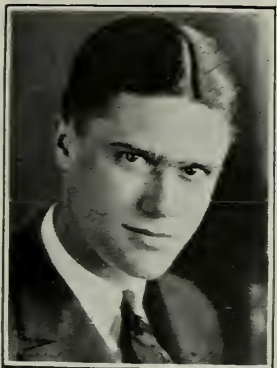
Capt. N. H. S. Hockey Team, 1921-22

Class Football, 1917

Mandolin Club, 1920-21

Glee Club, 1921-22

Class Baseball, 1922



KIRBY SMITH DUCAYET, JR.

300 Linwood Ave., Newtonville

"AIN'T LOVE GRAND?"

Nickname: "Duke," "Kirb"

Born July 15, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Horace Mann School



ALLAN FARR DUNLOP

370 Wolcott St., Auburndale

"THERE IS NO FIRE WITHOUT SOME SMOKE"

Nickname: "Al"

Born April 12, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Newton Technical School

College Intentions: Dartmouth

Debating Club, 1921-22

Glee Club, 1921-22

N. H. S. Football, 1921

N. H. S. Hockey, 1921-22

Baseball Squad, 1920-21-22

Class Football, 1919-20

Class Baseball, 1919

Track Squad, 1919

Class Basketball, 1919

1922

CAROLYN PUTNAM DUNTON

30 Williston Rd., Auburndale

"I BEAR A CHARMED LIFE"

Nickname: "Carol"

Born December 10, 1903

Classical Course, Room 14

Entered from C. C. Burr School

College Intentions: Simmons

Glee Club, 1921-22

Debating Club, 1921-22



ELEANOR MAYNARD DUFFIELD

23 Maple Ter., Auburndale

"A CANDID CENSOR AND A FRIEND SINCERE"

Nickname: "Ellie," "Duffy"

Born May 4, 1903

General Course, Room 24

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: Miss Wheelock's

Glee Club, 1922



A. ELIZABETH FAIRCHILD

3 Oak Ter., Newton Highlands

"AS MERRY AS THE DAY IS LONG"

Nickname: "Betty"

Born November 7, 1904

Classical Course, Room 14

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: New England Conservatory



MARION FORSYTH

28 Park St., Newton

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER"

Nickname: "Mari-hon," "Tom," "Forsyth"

Born February 2, 1905

General Course, Room 24

Entered from Bigelow School

College Intentions: B. S. P. E.



1922

NH



EDITH AMELIA FROST
379 Central St., Auburndale
"BY ALL THAT IS GOOD AND FOREVER"
Nickname: "Frosty"
Born March 31, 1905
Classical Course, Room 14
Entered from Miss Carroll's School
College Intentions: Smith
Vice-President Debating Club, 1920-21
French Club, 1919-20
Vice-President Class, 1919-20
Class Basketball, 1918-19-20-21-22
Class Hockey, 1920-21-22
Captain, 1921-22
N. H. S. Basketball, 1919-20-21-22
N. H. S. Hockey, 1921-22
Student Council, 1920-21
Glee Club, 1919-20-21-22
Senior Dance Committee, 1922
Orchestra, 1919-20



VIRGINIA GIBSON
843 Watertown St., Newtonville
"SCREW YOUR COURAGE TO A STICKING POINT"
Nickname: "Ginny"
Born July 28, 1903
Classical Course, Room 23
Entered from Hyde Park High
College Intentions: Vassar



ANTHONY HOWE GLEASON
9 Central Ave., Newtonville
"THE SUREST WAY NOT TO FAIL IS TO DETERMINE
TO SUCCEED"
Nickname: "Tony," "Jeff"
Born December 17, 1905
Scientific Course, Room 14
Entered from Horace Mann School
College Intentions: Dartmouth
Debating Club, 1920-21
Chess Society

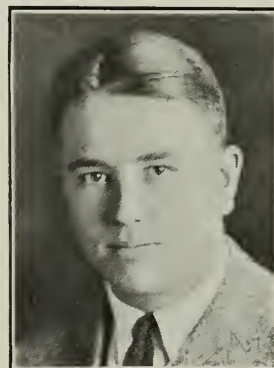


THEODORE JAMES GRANT
206 Melrose St., Auburndale
"GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES"
Nickname: "Ted"
Born January 20, 1903
Scientific Course, Room 14
Entered from C. C. Burr School
College Intentions: Mass. Agricultural College
Student Council
Debating Club
Newtonian Staff
Review Staff

1922

DONALD McPHERSON GRAY
45 The Ledges Rd., Newton Centre
"STILL WATERS RUN DEEP"

Nickname: "Don"
Born May 31, 1901
Classical Course, Room 24
Entered from Andover
College Intentions: Yale, Sheffield



MARGARET HOBART GREENLEAF
262 Lake Ave., Newton Highlands

"BY THE WORK ONE KNOWS THE WORKMAN"
Nickname: "Peggy"
Born August 9, 1905
Classical Course, Room 14
Entered from C. C. Burr Grammar School
College Intentions: Smith
Class Basketball Squad
Debating Club, 1921-22
Glee Club, 1922



DOROTHY DOW GRIFFIN
136 Hunnewell Ave., Newton

"IT IS A WISE HEAD THAT MAKES THE STILL
TONGUE"
Nickname: "Dot"
Born February 14, 1903
Classical Course, Room 23
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School
College Intentions: Erskine School
English Club



CAMERON GUILER
22 Ridge Ave., Newton Centre

"TO THOSE WHO KNOW THEE NOT, NO WORDS
CAN PAINT,
AND THOSE WHO KNOW THEE, KNOW ALL WORDS
ARE FAINT"
Nickname: "Cam"
Born April 28, 1903
Classical Course, Room 22
Entered from Fessenden School
College Intentions: Brown
Tennis Team



1922



HELEN LOUISE HAMILTON
1016 Beacon St., Newton Centre
"CHEERFULNESS IS THE VERY FLOWER OF
HEALTH"

Nickname: "Hammie"
Born February 13, 1904
Classical Course, Room 23
Entered from Schenley High School
College Intentions: Wellesley
Senior Basketball Squad, 1922
Class Hockey, 1920-21-22
N. H. S. Hockey Team, 1922
Mandolin Club, 1921
Glee Club, 1922
English Club, 1921-22



ELIZABETH GURY HAMMOND
17 Eden Ave., West Newton

"AS QUIET AS A NUN"
Nickname: "Libby," "Betty"
Born March 20, 1905
Classical Course, Room 23
Entered from Peirce Grammar School
College Intentions: Undecided
Glee Club, 1921-22



HELEN ESTHER HANNAN
26 Kensington St., Newtonville
"A GOODLY BABE, LUSTY, AND LIKE TO LIVE"

Nickname: "Es"
Born April 19, 1905
Classical Course, Room 23
Entered from Horace Mann Grammar School
College Intentions: Business College



PHILIP DE CARTERET HARDY
18 Thornton St., Newton
"A MAN HE SEEMS OF CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS,
AND CONFIDENT TO-MORROWS"

Nickname: "Phil"
Born September 20, 1903
Scientific Course, Room 24
Entered from Hyde Grammar School; Boston
English High, 1919
College Intentions: M. I. T.
E. H. S. Track Squad, 1919
E. H. S. Rifle Squad, 1919
Debating Club, 1921-22
Glee Club, 1920-21-22
N. H. S. Football, 1921
Indoor Track Squad, 1921-22
Outdoor Track, 1922
Class Baseball, 1920-21-22

1922

DONALD FREDRICK HARDING

575 California St., Newtonville

"MEN OF TALENT ARE MEN FOR OCCASIONS"

Nickname: "Don"

Born January 25, 1906

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Horace Mann Grammar School

College Intentions: Harvard

English Club, 1919-20-21

Debating Club, 1918-19-20-21-22

Ass't Manager Baseball, 1921

FRANCES JOYCE HATCH

275 Mill St., Newtonville

"HERE'S TO THE GIRL WHO'S GOOD,
NOT TOO GOOD, FOR THE GOOD DIE YOUNG, AND
GOODNESS KNOWS, WE HATE A DEAD ONE"

Nickname: "Pat"

Born May 17, 1903

Classical Course 2 years; General Course 3 years
Room 24

Entered from Claflin School

College Intentions: Miss Wheeler's

Class Treasurer, 1918-19-20-21

Class Secretary, 1921-22

Class Hockey, 1917

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

Newtonian Staff

Student Council, 1920-21

HELEN HEBERT

20 Vista Ave., Auburndale

"A SMILE IS GOD'S OWN MEDICINE"

Nickname: "Joe," "Joan," "Hel"

Born March 26, 1903

Classical Course 1 year; General Course 3 years
Room 24

Entered from Richmond High School

College Intentions: Newton Hospital

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

English Club, 1921-22

KENNETH HENDERSON

238 Chestnut St., West Newton

"LET US RESPECT RED HAIR, ESPECIALLY OUR
OWN"

Nickname: "Pickles"

Born October 18, 1905

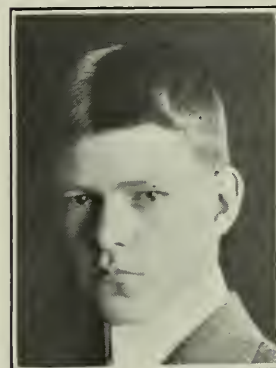
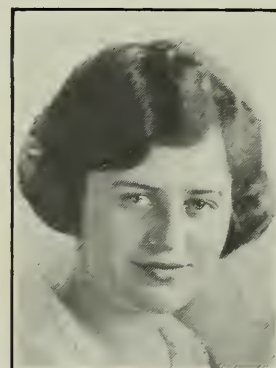
Classical Course 2 years; Scientific Course 2 years
Room 14

Entered from Bigelow School

College Intentions: Harvard

Debating Club

English Club



1922



ELIZABETH HENRY

86 Nonantum St., Newton

"BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE"

Nickname: "Lib," "Libby"

Born June 23, 1905

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Bigelow School

College Intentions: Wellesley

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

English Club, 1920-21-22

Review Staff, 1921-22

Class Hockey, 1920



GEORGE EDWIN HILL, JR.

211 Homer St., Newton Centre

"OH, THIS LEARNING, WHAT A THING IT IS"

Nickname: "Spudd"

Born September 16, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from Mason School

College Intentions: Boston University

English Club

Debating Club

Glee Club

Tennis Team, 1922



WELLES EVERETT HOLMES, JR.

15 Eliot Memorial Rd., Newton

"IF WOMAN BE THERE,

THERE AM I ALSO"

Nickname: "Tuck," "Wellesie"

Born May 16, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 19

Entered from Bigelow School

College Intentions: Sheffield Scientific School

Golf Team, 1920-21-22

Class Football, 1919, 1921

Hockey Squad, 1920-21

N. H. S. Hockey, 1921-22

Baseball Squad, 1920-21-22

Glee Club, 1921-22

Senior Class Party Committee



GEORGE DEAN HERR

752 Webster St., Needham

"THE MARCH OF HUMAN MIND IS SLOW"

Born November 19, 1901

Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from (Needham) Kimball Grammar School

College Intentions: Wesleyan University

Boys' Debating Club, 1920-21-22

English Club, 1921-22

Boys' Glee Club, 1921-22

Surveying Club, 1921-22

1922

HENRY GARRETT HOUGHTON

63 Islington Rd., Auburndale

"THIS MUCH HE DARES"

Born February 2, 1905

Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from C. C. Burr School

College Intentions: M. I. T.

Surveying Club

Boys' Debating Club



MARY ELLEN HOWARD

340 Walnut St., Newtonville

"SWEETER ALSO THAN HONEY AND THE HONEY
COMB"

Nickname: "Sunny," "Billy"

Born September 8, 1905

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Claflin School

College Intentions: Smith

Glee Club, 1921-22



EDITH HELEN HOWLETT

40 Newtonville Ave., Newton

"THE MILDEST MANNER AND THE GENTLEST
HEART"

Born June 25, 1903

Classical Course 2 years; General Course 3 years
Room 24

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Leslie Normal School



EVELYN HAZLETT HUNT

73 Prospect St., West Newton

"UP, UP, MY FRIEND AND QUIT YOUR BOOK
OR SURELY YOU'LL GROW DOUBLE"

Nickname: "Ev," "Evy"

Born March 15, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Peirce School

College Intentions: Radcliffe

English Club, 1921-22

Glee Club, 1920-21



1922

NSH



ROBERT HURLEY
239 Jackson St., Newton Centre
"HAPPY AS A CLAM AT HIGH TIDE"
Nickname: "Bob"
Born July 15, 1904
Classical Course, Room 23
Entered from Mason School
College Intentions: Boston College
Football Squad, 1921
Track Squad, 1922
Baseball Squad, 1922
Glee Club, 1922



ROBERT HUSS
54 Montvale Rd., Newton Centre
"TOMORROW MORNING I FOUND A HORSESHOE"
Nickname: "Bob"
Born July 13, 1903
Scientific Course, Room 14
Entered from Huntington School
Track Squad, 1921-22
Glee Club, 1921-22



ELIZABETH COOPER JACK
379 Austin St., West Newton
"THE TEMPLE OF OUR PUREST THOUGHTS IS
SILENCE"
Nickname: "Libby"
Born March 1, 1906
Classical Course, Room 23
Entered from Peirce School
College Intentions: Radcliffe
Student Council, 1920-21-22
English Club, 1921-22



ANNA PURCELL JAMES
36 Central St., Auburndale
"IN HER TONGUE IS THE LAW OF KINDNESS"
Nickname: "Jiminie," "Anne"
Born February 1, 1903
Classical Course 1 year; General Course 3 years
Room 24
Entered from C. C. Burr Grammar School
College Intentions: Manhattanville

1922

GORDON MILO JENKINS

230 Melrose St., Auburndale

"ENTIRE FRANKNESS IS PERMITTED TO ONLY A FEW"

Nickname: "Gor," "Jenks"

Born September 10, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 19

Entered from Peirce School

College Intentions: Dartmouth

N. H. S. Football, 1920-21

Track Squad, 1920

Senior Play

Student Council, 1920-21-22

Class Prophet

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

Baseball Squad, 1921

HERBERT GUIL JOHNSON

49 Waban Hill Rd., Chestnut Hill

"LET THE WORLD SLIDE"

Born November 11, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from Allen Military School

College Intentions: Norwich University

Treasurer, Wireless Club, 1922

Debating Club, 1920-21-22

Wireless Club, 1920

Science Club, 1920

Surveying Club, 1922

PAULINE ALOHA JOHNSON

73 Washburn Ave., Auburndale

"MADE A SUNSHINE IN A SHADY PLACE"

Nickname: "Polly"

Born February 21, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from C. C. Burr School

College Intentions: Wheaton

Debating Club, 1920-21

ALLEN KAWEL, JR.

50 Stearns St., Newton Centre

"EVERY MAN AT HIS BEST STATE,
IS ALL TOGETHER VANITY"

Nickname: "Al"

Born September 27, 1902

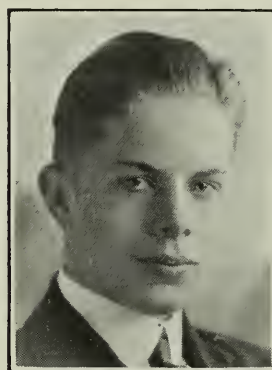
Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from Mason School

College Intentions: Business

Sub-Senior Class Secretary, 1921

Glee Club, 1921-22



1922

NH



ARTHUR KENDALL KELLAWAY

19 Wyman St., Waban

"MODERATION SHOULD BE USED IN JOKING"

Nickname: "Fat," "Tubbe"

Born June 20, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from Roger Wolcott School

College Intentions: Bryant & Stratton



CHARLES F. KELLIHER

850 Walnut St., Newton Centre

"WHERE CHILDREN ARE, THERE IS THE GOLDEN AGE"

Nickname: "Kell," "Dizzy"

Born July 21, 1905

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston College

Glee Club, 1921-22



NATALIE LOUGEE KNOX

50 Boweis St., Newtonville

"DESCRIBE ME WHO CAN"

Nickname: "Nat," "Knoxy"

Born July 19, 1903

General Course, Room 22

Entered from Milton High School

College Intentions: Posse



ALTON WOODBREY LAMONT

39 Staniford St., Auburndale

"PITY THE SORROWS OF A POOR OLD MAN"

Nickname: "Jake"

Born August 7, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from C. C. Burr School

College Intentions: Mass. Agricultural College

Boys' Debating Club

1922

FLORENCE ELIZABETH LAMONT

55 Waban Rd., Waban

"GENTLE AS A WAYWARD CHILD"

Born July 4, 1905

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Roger Wolcott School

College Intentions: Art School

English Club, 1922



MILDRED HOHMANN LAUBNER

277 Ward St., Newton Centre

"WISDOM IS BETTER THAN RUBIES"

Nickname: "Milly," "Mid"

Born September 6, 1905

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Mason School

College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke

Glee Club, 1920-21



DAVID FRANCIS LAWLOR

2 Nonantum St., Newton

"PICTURE THAT"

Nickname: "Dave"

Born August 31, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston College

Debating Club, 1920-21

Newtonian Staff



BARBARA LEACH

7 Peabody St., Newton

"DISCIPLINED INACTION"

Nickname: "Babs," "Barbie"

Born April 29, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Bigelow School

College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke

Glee Club, 1920-21

Class Basketball, 1919-20

Senior Basketball Squad, 1921-22



1922



EDMUND I. LEEDS, JR.

237 Park St., Newton

"HOLD THE FORT—I AM COMING"

Nickname: "Io"

Born June 11, 1904

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

Mill Brook School

College Intentions: Harvard



SHELDON MOIR LEITH

94 Jackson Rd., Newton

"LET YOUTH BEWARE OF WOMEN"

Nickname: "Dynamite"

Born November 15, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Framingham Grammar School

College Intentions: Tufts

Football Team, 1921

Baseball Squad, 1921-22

Glee Club, 1921-22

Class Baseball, 1918-19-20

Class Basketball, 1919



HESTER LEITNER

41 Norwood Ave., Newton Centre

"EVERY MOMENT OUTSIDE OF HER ALLOTTED TASK,
SHE DEVOTED TO PROSE, FICTION AND POETRY"

Nickname: "Claudius"

Born August 26, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Converse College, S. C.

Senior Play

Prize Speaking Contest, 1922

English Club, 1920-21-22

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

Girls' Debating Club, 1922

Debating Team, 1922



DORIS MAE LEWIS

43 Gay St., Newtonville

"THERE IS UNSPEAKABLE PLEASURE ATTENDING
THE LIFE OF A STUDENT"

Nickname: "Dor"

Born April 20, 1905

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Falls School, Franklin, N. H.

College Intentions: Radcliffe

Glee Club, 1920-21

1922

ALICE RUSSELL LIBBEY
350 Waltham St., West Newton
"NEAT, NOT GAUDY"

Nickname: "Al"
Born September 10, 1904
Classical Course, Room 23
Entered from Peirce Grammar School
College Intentions: Undecided
Glee Club, 1921-22
English Club, 1922

GERTRUDE ROSE LINNEHAN
56 Wildwood Ave., Newtonville
"MEEK AS A LAMB"

Nickname: "Gert"
Born April 27, 1905
Classical Course, Room 23
Entered from Horace Mann Grammar School
College Intentions: N. E. Conservatory of Music
Glee Club, 1920-21

EDWIN RIPLEY LOUGHREY
989 Boylston St., Newton Highlands
"I CAME, I SAW, I CONQUERED"

Nickname: "Ed," "Eddie"
Born November 24, 1902
Classical Course, Room 23
Entered from Newton Technical High School
College Intentions: Williams
Class Relay Team, 1921
Track Squad, 1921
President of Class, 1919-20-21
Student Council, 1920-21, President, 1922
English Club, 1922
Boys' Debating Team, 1921-22
Boys' Glee Club, 1921-22
Senior Dance Committee
Review Staff, 1922
Prize Speaking, 1921-22
Business Manager, Newtonian
Cheer Leader, 1922
Senior Class Orator, 1922

GLADYS MACDONALD
28 Ash St., Auburndale
"A GOOD THING NEEDS NO PUFFING"

Born March 31, 1903
General Course, Room 24
Entered from C. C. Burr Grammar School
College Intentions: Miss Bouvé
Class Basketball, 1920-21



1922

NSH



ELIZABETH COLE MacMILLAN
276 Mill St., Newtonville

"HER MODEST LOOKS THE COLLEGE MIGHT ADORN
SUCH AS THE PRIMROSE BENEATH THE THORN"

Nickname: "Libby," "Lib"

Born November 22, 1903

Classical Course 2 years; General Course 2 years
Room 24

Entered from Horace Mann Grammar School

College Intentions: Framingham

Glee Club, 1920-21

English Club, 1921-22

Review Staff, 1921-22



BENJAMIN MARGOLIN
123 Norwood Ave., Newtonville

"LIFE IS A JEST, AND ALL THINGS SHOW IT,

I THOUGHT SO ONCE, AND NOW I KNOW IT"

Nickname: "Bennie," "Margolio"

Born May 19, 1905

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Claflin Grammar School

College Intentions: M. I. T.



JEANNETTE MARTIN
97 Madison Ave., Newtonville

"THY MODESTY IS A CANDLE TO THY MERIT"

Nickname: "Jennie"

Born April 17, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Claflin Grammar School

College Intentions: Undecided

Glee Club, 1920-21

Orchestra, 1920-21-22



WILBUR ALLEN MAYNARD, JR.
65 Walker St., Newtonville

"FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY"

Born January 19, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Horace Mann School

College Intentions: Cornell

1922

DOROTHY GRACE McCAUL

12 Chesley Ave., Newtonville

"MOST MUSICAL, MOST MELANCHOLY"

Nickname: "Dot," "Dorrie," "Mac"

Born March 1, 1904

General Course, Room 22

Entered from Ashland High School

College Intentions: Miss Sacker's School

N. H. S. Orchestra, 1918-19-20-21-22

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

English Club, 1919-20-21

Student Council, 1922



CLARENCE GODFREY McDAVITT, JR.

212 Mill St., Newtonville

"THE KING REIGNS, BUT DOES NOT GOVERN"

Nickname: "Mac"

Born January 10, 1904

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Claflin Grammar School

College Intentions: Dartmouth

N. H. S. Football, 1921

N. H. S. Track, 1920-21-22; Captain, 1922

Class Track, 1917-18-19-20-21-22

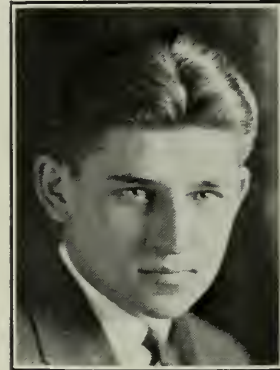
Student Council, 1918-19-20-21

Debating Team, 1921

Review Staff, 1921-22

Newtonian Staff, 1922

Senior Play, 1922



JOHN LOUIS McKEON, JR.

119 Lowell Ave., Newtonville

"PATIENCE, AND SHUFFLE THE CARDS"

Nickname: "Jack"

Born November 9, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Claflin Grammar School

Golf Team



MARGARET MAY McOWEN

260 Elliot St., Newton Upper Falls

"A VERY RIBAND IN THE CAP OF YOUTH"

Nickname: "Peggy," "Mac"

Born March 9, 1904

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Emerson Grammar School

College Intentions: Miss Wheelock's



1922



MORRIS JOSEPH MEILMAN

125 Pine St., Auburndale

"MUSIC IS THE UNIVERSAL THOUGHT OF MANKIND"

Nickname: "Mish"

Born June 27, 1903

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Peirce Grammar School

College Intentions: Harvard

Debating Club

Class Basketball

Glee Club



JULIA EMERY MIDDLETON

218 Melrose St., Auburndale

"I BEAR A CHARMED LIFE"

Nickname: "Julie," "Judy"

Born September 16, 1904

General Course, Room 24

Entered from Technical School

College Intentions: New School of Design

Girls Glee Club

Public Declamation

Freshman Prize Speaking



ELEANOR ADAMS MILLARD

1136 Centre St., Newton Centre

"EXHAUSTING THOUGHTS, AND LIVING WISDOM
WITH EACH STUDIOUS YEAR"

Born July 8, 1903

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Jamaica High School, Long Island

College Intentions: Mount Holyoke

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

English Club, 1921-22



RUTH ENGLISH MILLARD

1136 Centre St., Newton Centre

"IT IS THEE, QUIET WORKER, WHO SUCCEEDS"

Nickname: "Rufus"

Born June 2, 1905

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Jamaica High School

College Intentions: Mt. Holyoke

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

English Club, 1921-22

1922

WALTER PRIEST MORSE
504 Watertown St., Newtonville
"I'LL BE MERRY—I'LL BE FREE
I'LL BE SAD FOR NOBODY"

Nickname: "Plato," "Buddy"
Born April 2, 1902
Scientific Course, Room 24
Entered from Medford High School
College Intentions: U. of Maine
Class Baseball, 1920-21-22



HAWLEY EDWIN MORTON
52 Institution Ave., Newton Centre

"SPEECH IS THE COMMON THOUGHT OF MANKIND"
Nickname: "Bud"
Born October 26, 1903
Scientific Course, Room 24
Entered from Central High, Washington, D. C.
College Intentions: Denison
N. H. S. Track, 1921-22
Class Track



CHARLES JOHN MURPHY
903 Walnut St., Newton Highlands

"GREAT TALKERS ARE LIKE LEAKY VESSELS
EVERY THING RUNS OUT OF THEM"
Nickname: "Tax"
Born October 14, 1904
Classical Course, Room 14
Entered from Mason Grammar School
College Intentions: M. I. T.
Debating Club



LYMAN EMERSON NIVLING
91 Brackett Rd., Newton

"AND PUTS HIMSELF UPON HIS GOOD BEHAVIOR"
Nickname: "Beans"
Born October 21, 1905
Scientific Course, Room 24
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School
College Intentions: Wesleyan
Class Baseball, 1919-20-21
Class Football, 1920
Football Squad, 1921
Hockey Squad, 1919-20-21-22
Science Club, 1918-19
Glee Club, 1921-22



1922



MACARTHUR NOYES
9 Laurel St., Newton Centre
"UNTHINKING, IDLE, WILD AND YOUNG"
Nickname: "Mac"
Born May 5, 1905
Classical Course, Room 22
Entered from Mason Grammar School
College Intentions: Yale
Glee Club, 1920-21
Ass't Manager Hockey, 1921
Senior Party Committee
Hockey Squad, 1920



LOIS MORRISON NUTTER
1174 Boylston St., Newton Upper Falls
"A MIXTURE OF RED HAIR, PEP AND GOOD FUN"
Nickname: "Loie"
Born July 20, 1904
Classical Course, Room 22
Entered from Emerson Grammar School
College Intentions: Undecided
Glee Club, 1920-21-22



JOHN FRANCIS O'BRIEN
58 Jefferson St., Newton
"I LAUGHED AND DANCED AND TALKED AND SUNG"
Nickname: "Jack"
Born July 12, 1903
Classical Course, Room 22
Entered from Watertown High School
College Intentions: Harvard
Track Squad, 1921



JOHN D. O'CONNOR
8 Denn Place, Newton Centre
"COMMON SENSE, IS NOT A COMMON THING"
Born September 9, 1904
Scientific Course, Room 24
Entered from Mason Grammar School
College Intentions: Boston University
Surveying Club, 1922

1922

GRACE MARIE O'HARA

37 High St., Newton Upper Falls

"MISTRESS OF HERSELF, THOUGH CHINA FALLS"

Born February 20, 1904

General Course, Room 22

Entered from Emerson Grammar School

College Intentions: Miss Wheelock's

Glee Club, 1921-22

Debating Club, 1922

CHARLES D. O'MALLEY

139 High St., Newton Upper Falls

"THIS SCHOOLBOY, WITH HIS SACHEL IN HIS
HAND, WHISTLING TO KEEP COURAGE UP"

Nickname: "Charlie"

Born July 6, 1905

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from St. Joseph's Academy

College Intentions: Boston College

Track, 1919-20-21

Class Baseball, 1921

English Club

Senior Play

FREDERICK JAMES ONTHANK

85 Waban Hill Rd., Chestnut Hill

"HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY—SAY IT—AND STOP
WHEN YOU ARE DONE"

Nickname: "Fred," "Fuller"

Born November 25, 1905

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Harvard

Boys' Glee Club

English Club

SHATTUCK WESTON OSBORNE

319 Cabot St., Newtonville

"AND HE IS OFT THE WISEST, WHO IS NOT WISE
AT ALL"

Nickname: "Shad," "S. W."

Born June 14, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from Claflin Grammar School

College Intentions: Yale

Review Staff, 1920-21; Manager, 1921

Student Council, 1920-21

Dance Committee, 1921-22

Newtonian Staff, 1922

Senior Play, 1921

Athletic Committee, 1922

N. H. S. Football, 1920-21

N. H. S. Hockey, 1921-22

Baseball Squad, 1920-21-22

Class Treasurer, 1921-22



1922

NH



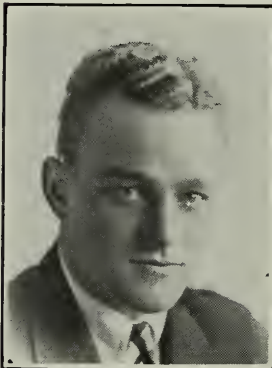
RUTH ROBERTSON PEARSON
75 Cresent Ave., Newton Centre
"HER SILVER VOICE IS THE RICH MUSIC OF A
SUMMER BIRD"

Nickname: "Pip"
Born March 29, 1903
Classical Course, Room 22
Entered from Mason Grammar School
College Intentions: Boston University
Senior Play
Glee Club, 1920-21-22



CATHARINE PEDLEY
144 Hancock St., Auburndale
"YOU CAN'T HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING"

Nickname: "Scips"
Born May 28, 1903
Classical Course, Room 22
Entered from C. C. Burr School
College Intentions: Mount Holyoke
Class Basketball, 1918-19
N. H. S. Basketball, 1921-22
Class Hockey, 1921-22
Sub. N. H. S. Hockey, 1920-21
Senior Play
Glee Club, 1920-21-22
English Club, 1921-22



GEORGE LEIGHTON PEIRCE
23 Lutherland Rd., Brookline
"A BLUSH IS THE COLOR OF VIRTUE"

Born April 9, 1904
Scientific Course, Room 24
Entered from Boston Latin School
College Intentions: Dartmouth
N. H. S. Football, 1921
Track Squad, 1921-22
Boys' Glee Club, 1921-22
Senior Party Committee



EVELYN FRANCES PERRY
43 Bracebridge Rd., Newton Centre
"KINDNESS IS THE GOLDEN CHAIN BY WHICH
SOCIETY IS BOUND TOGETHER"

Nickname: "Ev," "Evy"
Born December 30, 1903
Classical Course, Room 22
Entered from Mason Grammar School
College Intentions: Vassar
Class Hockey Team, 1918-19
French Club, 1919-20
Debating Club, 1918-19-20
English Club, 1919-20-21-22
Glee Club, 1920-21-22

1922

HELEN LUCILLE PRATT

19 Parker St., Newton Centre

"LIFE IS A JEST AND ALL THINGS KNOW IT"

Nickname: "Lu," "Prattie," "Kip"

Born June 17, 1903

Classical Course 2 years; General Course 3 years

Room 23

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: MacDuffie

English Club, 1919-20

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21-22

Newtonian Staff

Senior Dance Committee

Senior Play

JAMES WEBSTER QUARTZ

93 Nonantum St., Newton

"BOYS WILL BE BOYS"

Nickname: "Red," "Sunshine"

Born June 20, 1905

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Bigelow School

College Intentions: M. I. T.

Glee Club

Debating Club

CHARLES BENNETT REGAN

89 Erie Ave., Newton Highlands

"A WOMAN IS ONLY A WOMAN, BUT A GOOD
CIGAR, IS A SMOKE"

Nickname: "Charlie"

Born April 29, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 14

Entered from Weymouth High

College Intentions: Wesleyan

Class Football, 1920

Class Baseball, 1920

Football Squad, 1919-20-21

Baseball Squad, 1919

Track Squad, 1921

Class Relay, 1921

N. H. S. Football, 1922

English Club, 1922

Newtonian Staff, 1922

Business Manager

Senior Play, 1922

DONALD REYNOLDS

14 Bowdoin St., Newton Highlands

"LOYAL, AND NEUTRAL, IN A MOMENT"

Nickname: "Don"

Born August 9, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 24

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: Harvard

Baseball Manager, 1922

Class Baseball, 1920-21

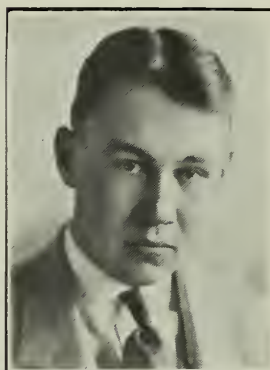
Class Football, 1920

Newtonian Editor, 1922

Senior Play Author, 1922

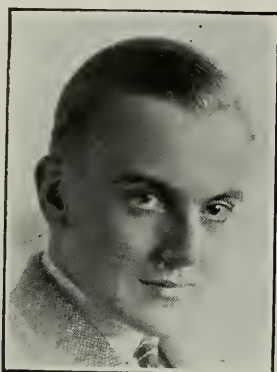
English Club

Boys' Debating Club



1922

NH



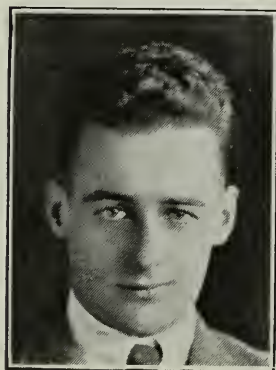
HOWARD LEONARD RICH
20 Sargent St., Newton
"TACT AND TALENT, MAKE A STRONG TEAM"
Born March 4, 1905
Classical Course, Room 22
Entered from Bigelow Grammar School
College Intentions: Wesleyan
Review Staff, 1920-21
English Club
Student Council, 1919-20-21
Orchestra, 1918-19
Glee Club



MARY ROCHE RICHARD
51 Homer St., Newton Centre
"AN EFFORT MADE FOR THE HAPPINESS OF OTHERS,
LIFTS US ABOVE OURSELVES"
Nickname: "Dickie"
Born May 22, 1904
Classical Course, Room 22
Entered from John D'Runkle, Brookline
College Intentions: Trinity
Class Historian
Secretary of Class, 1920-21
Student Council, 1922
Prize Speaking, 1922
Senior Play, 1922
N. H. S. Hockey Team, 1922
Tennis Team, 1921-22
Class Hockey Team, 1919-20-21-22
Senior Reception Committee
Mandolin Club, 1921
English Club, 1921-22
Glee Club, 1922
French Club, 1921
"Chairman of Constitutional Committee of Student Council"
"Constitutional Committee of Class, 1919"



BURR S. RICHARDS
63 Fair Oaks Pk., Needham
"GOOD TASTE IS THE FLOWER OF GOOD SENSE"
Nickname: "Breezy"
Born June 25, 1903
Scientific Course, Room 24
Entered from Needham High School
College Intentions: Harvard
Class Football, 1919
Football, 1920-21
Debating Club, 1920-21-22
Debating Team, 1921
Glee Club, 1920-21



ROBERT W. RICHMOND
63 Monadnock Rd., Chestnut Hill
"EDUCATION IS A GREAT THING"
Nickname: "Bob"
Born November 14, 1903
Scientific Course, Room 19
Entered from Mason Grammar School
College Intentions: M. I. T.
Class Football, 1920
Football Squad, 1921

1922

LILLA MARIAM RITCEY
300 Centre St., Newton

"PRINCIPLE IS EVER MY MOTTO"

Nickname: "Lill"

Born August 3, 1905

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Boston University

Debating Club, 1919-20-21-22

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

English Club, 1921-22

RUTH IDA ROBBINS
89 Dorset Rd., Waban

"WITHOUT LABOR NOTHING PROSPERS"

Nickname: "Bobbie"

Born July 28, 1904

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: Wellesley

English Club, 1920-21-22

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

FRANCIS HENRY RUSSELL
40 Shorncliffe

"IS IS GOOD TO LIVE AND LEARN"

Nickname: "Fran"

Born October 1, 1904

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Bigelow Grammar School

College Intentions: Tufts

Chemistry Club, 1920

Debating Club, 1921-22

English Club, 1922

Senior Play

ROBERT DENNISON SALINGER
25 Prospect Ave., Newtonville

"IT IS A BEAUTIFUL NECESSITY OF OUR NATURE,
TO LOVE SOMETHING"

Nickname: "Bob"

Born July 14, 1903

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Claflin Grammar School

College Intentions: Dartmouth

Class Football, 1920

N. H. S. Football, 1921

Track Squad, 1921-22

Baseball Squad, 1921

Student Council, 1920-21

President of English Club, 1921-22

Review Staff, 1921-22

Newtonian Staff

Senior Dance Committee

Senior Play

NSH

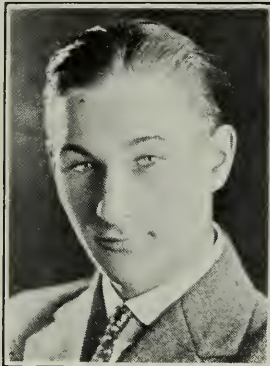


1922

NH



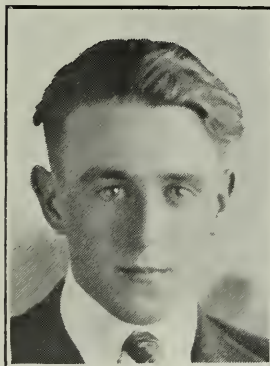
ROGER BROWN SALINGER
25 Prospect Ave., Newtonville
"LAUGH, AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU"
Nickname: "Rog," "B"
Born January 22, 1905
Classical Course, Room 22
Entered from Claflin Grammar School
College Intentions: Dartmouth
Class Statistician
Newtonian Staff
Ass't Manager Baseball, 1921
Senior Play Committee
Glee Club



HARRISON JAMES SAWYER
81 Washburn Ave., Auburndale
"AS YET A CHILD"
Nickname: "Saugus," "Bambino"
Born April 14, 1904
Classical Course, Room 22
Entered from Saugus High School
College Intentions: Boston University
Glee Club, 1920-21-22
Baseball, 1922



CARL FREDERICK SCHIPPER, JR.
47 Trowbridge Ave., Newtonville
"HE IS NEXT TO THE GODS—WHOM REASON, AND
NOT PASSION IMPELS"
Nickname: "Peera," "Billy"
Born September 29, 1903
Classical Course, Room 22
Entered from Claflin Grammar School
College Intentions: Dartmouth
N. H. S. Baseball Manager, 1921
Student Council, 1920-21
English Club, 1921-22
Glee Club, 1920-21
Review, 1920-21
Newtonian Staff, 1921-22
Class Football, 1920
Senior Play



JOHN GEORGE SCHULTZ
303 Cabot St., Newtonville
"HE WEARS THE ROSE OF YOUTH UPON HIM"
Born June 25, 1905
Scientific Course, Room 19
Entered from Claflin Grammar School
College Intentions: M. I. T.
Class Baseball, 1920-21
Class Football, 1920-21

1922

MARJORIE ISOBEL SCOTT

144 Hancock St., Auburndale

"BLUSHING LIKE A WORSTERSHIRE ORCHARD
BEFORE HARVEST"

Nickname: "Scottie," "Puddle"

Born January 10, 1904

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from C. C. Burr School

College Intentions: Mount Holyoke

English Club, 1920-21-22

Debating Club, 1919-20

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

Senior Play Poster Committee



BARBARA LESLIE SIMPSON

38 Lakewood Rd., Newton Highlands

"MAJESTIC SILENCE"

Nickname: "Babs," "Bunny"

Born November 14, 1904

Classical Course, Room 19

Entered from Hyde Grammar School

College Intentions: Smith

Glee Club, 1920-21

Debating Club, 1920-21-22

Debating Team, 1921-22



ELEANOR SMITH

58 Nonantum St., Newton

"WHAT SWEET DELIGHT A QUIET LIFE AFFORDS"

Nickname: "Ellie," "Smitty"

Born January 15, 1903

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Bigelow School

College Intentions: Undecided

English Club, 1921-22

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21-22

French Club, 1921



ALFRED HART STAFFORD

340 Cabot St., Newtonville

"HE LIVES TO BUILD, NOT TO BOAST"

Nickname: "Jake"

Born April 10, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 19

Entered from Claflin Grammar School

College Intentions: Harvard

Class President, 1918-19-20-21-22

Debating Club, 1920-21-22; President, 1921-22

Student Council, 1918-19-20-21-22

Senior Play, 1922

Review Staff, 1919-20-21

Newtonian Staff, 1921-22

N. H. S. Football, 1919-20-21; Captain, 1921

N. H. S. Baseball, 1920-21-22

N. H. S. Track, 1921



1922



ELEANOR STEADMAN

371 Austin St., West Newton

"GOOD NATURE IS STRONGER THAN TOMAHAWKS"

Nickname: "Kitten," "Ellie"

Born December 24, 1904

Classical Course 2 years; General Course 3 years
Room 22

Entered from Peirce School

College Intentions: Miss Peirce's School

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21-22



ROBERT MORGAN STOPFORD

604 Walnut St., Newtonville

"A CONTENTED MIND IS THE GREATEST BLESSING
A MAN CAN ENJOY"

Nickname: "Bob," "Colonel"

Born January 29, 1905

Scientific Course, Room 19

Entered from A. H. H. S., New Jersey

College Intentions: Dartmouth

Senior Play

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

English Club, 1922

Hockey Squad, 1922



WILLIAM T. STOPFORD

604 Walnut St., Newtonville

"ALL TO THE GOOD."

Nickname: "Bill"

Born November 30, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 19

Entered from A. H. H. S., New Jersey

College Intentions: M. A. C.

Hockey Squad, 1921-22

Football Squad, 1921

Senior Play



ANASTASIA MARGARET SWITZER

261 Pearl St., Newton

"WE MUST LAUGH BEFORE WE ARE HAPPY"

Nickname: "Pat"

Born May 31, 1903

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Stearns School

College Intentions: Undecided

Debating Club, 1919-20-21-22

English Club, 1921-22

Class Basketball, 1922

Varsity Basketball Squad, 1922

1922

MARION ESTELLA SYMONDS

75 Crofton Rd., Waban

"MUCH WISDOM OFTEN GOES WITH FEWEST
WORDS"

Nickname: "Symie"

Born December 4, 1904

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Roger Wolcott School

College Intentions: Wellesley

Class Basketball, 1917-18-19

English Club, 1920-21-22

Glee Club, 1920-21-22



ALICE GERTRUDE TAPPER

16 Floral Place, Newton Highlands

"NEAT AND TRIMLY DRESSED"

Born November 19, 1904

General Course, Room 22

Entered from Newton Technical High School

College Intentions: Boston University

English Club, 1921-22

Glee Club, 1921-22

Debating Club, 1921-22



KATHARINE TAYLOR

51 Rockledge Rd., Newton Highlands

"SHE IS AS GOOD AS SHE IS FAIR"

Nickname: "Kay"

Born March 3, 1904

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Hyde School

College Intentions: Wellesley

English Club, 1921-22

Glee Club, 1920-21-22



WILLIAM HAVILAND TAYLOR

28 Bullough Pk., Newtonville

"THOU ART A MAN"

Nickname: "Bill"

Born November 15, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 19

Entered from Brookline High

College Intentions: M. I. T.

Track Manager, 1922

Student Council, 1920-21

Ass't Manager Football, 1920

Chemistry Club, 1920



1922

NSH



DOROTHY THOMPSON

62 Parsons St., West Newton

"SECRET STUDY, SILENT THOUGHT, ARE AFTER ALL
THE MIGHTIEST AGENTS IN HUMAN AFFAIRS"

Nickname: "Dot"

Born May 28, 1904

General Course, Room 22

Entered from Peirce Grammar School

College Intentions: Normal School

English Club



MARGERY TOWER

9 Chesley Ave., Newtonville

"A MERRY HEART DOETH GOOD LIKE A MEDICINE"

Nickname: "Bunny"

Born August 10, 1903

Classical Course 2 years; General Course 3 years
Room 22

Entered from Hingham High School

College Intentions: Wheelock School

N. H. S. Field Hockey, 1921-22

English Club, 1921-22

Debating Club, 1921-22

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

Senior Play Committee

Property Committee

Senior Party Committee



MARJORIE TUCKER

479 Walnut St., Newtonville

"PERPETUAL MOTION"

Nickname: "Midge"

Born February 8, 1904

General Course, Room 19

Entered from Claffin Grammar School

College Intentions: Emma Willard School

Class Hockey, 1917-18-19

N. H. S. Hockey, 1920-21

Manager Hockey, 1921-22

Student Council, 1920-21

Newtonian Staff

Glee Club

Senior Play Cast



CEDRIC VALENTINE

362 Wolcott St., Auburndale

"HAIL TO THY RETURNING FESTIVAL! OLD
BISHOP VALENTINE"

Nickname: "Val"

Born December 4, 1903

Scientific Course, Room 19

Entered from C. C. Burr School

College Intentions: M. I. T.

Class Football, 1919

Boys' Debating Club, 1919

N. H. S. Football, 1921

Manager of Hockey, 1922

1922

FRANCES ELIZABETH VARNEY

34 Tyler Ter., Newton Centre

"ENTHUSIASM IS VERY WEARING"

Nickname: "Polly"

Born December 23, 1904

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Mason School

College Intentions: Vassar

Varsity Basketball, 1919-20-21-22

Varsity Field Hockey, 1920-21-22

Review Staff, 1920-21-22

English Club, 1919-20-21-22

French Club, 1919-20

Chemistry Club, 1919-20

Glee Club, 1921-22



GEO. H. VUILLEUMIER

25 Capital St., Newton

"I CANNOT TELL WHAT THE DICKENS HIS NAME IS"

Nickname: "Jerry"

Born April 17, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 19

Entered from Stearns School

College Intentions: Mass. Aggie

Class Football, 1920



HARRY CABOT WEARE, JR.

23 Trowbridge Ave., Newtonville

"HE IS A SPECTACLE OF BOOKS"

Born August 18, 1904

Scientific Course, Room 19

Entered from Claflin School

College Intentions: Dartmouth

Class Football, 1919-20

Class Baseball, 1920-21-22

Class Track, 1921-22

Tennis, 1922



GERTRUDE REGINA WELCH

101 River St., West Newton

"SUCH IS LIFE"

Nickname: "Gert," "Trudie"

Born August 3, 1905

General Course, Room 19

Entered from Peirce School

College Intentions: Framingham Normal School

Clee Club



1922

NSH



MARY PATRICE WELCH

61 Broadway, Newtonville

"CENTER OF LIFE AND ENERGY IS SHE"

Nickname: "Happy," "Hap"

Born March 17, 1905

General Course, Room 19

Entered from Horace Mann School

Glee Club, 1920-21-22

Debating Club, 1921-22

Newtonian Staff



CLARK WEYMOUTH

386 Wolcott St., Auburndale

"NO MAN CAN BE WISE, ON AN EMPTY STOMACH"

Nickname: "Tubber," "Agate"

Born June 23, 1903

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Newton Technical High School
1919

College Intentions: Dartmouth

N. H. S. Football, 1921

Baseball Squad, 1921-22

Senior Play

Student Council, 1922

Newtonian Staff

Class Football, 1920

Class Baseball, 1919-20



MIRIAM P. WHITE

21 Chase St., Newton Centre

"A MERRY HEART MAKETH A CHEERFUL
COURTEOUSNESS"

Nickname: "Mimi," "Me"

Born September 10, 1904

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Mason School

College Intentions: Connecticut

English Club, 1919-20-22

Vice-President, English Club, 1920-21

Class Basketball, 1919-20

Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21-22

Student Council, 1920-21

Senior Dance Committee

Newtonian Staff



THOMAS WHITE

115 Park St., Newton

"HAPPY AM I—FROM CARE I AM FREE"

Nickname: "Tom"

Born January 19, 1905

Scientific Course, Room 19

Entered from Bigelow School

College Intentions: West Point

1922

HENRY WHITMORE, JR.
31 Sterling St., West Newton
"THAT OLD MAN—ELOQUENT"

Nickname: "Hank"
Born April 8, 1904
Classical Course 2 years; Scientific Course 2 years
Room 19
Entered from Peirce School
College Intentions: Dartmouth
Boys' Debating Club, 1920-21-22
Boys' Debating Team, 1921
English Club, 1921-22
Senior Play, Stage Manager

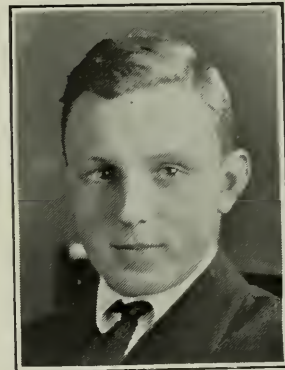
MIRIAM WHITMORE
54 Carver Rd., Newton Highlands
"BEAUTIFUL IN FORM AND FEATURE, LOVELY AS
THE DAY"

Nickname: "Mim"
Born July 22, 1903
General Course, Room 19
Entered from Hyde School
College Intentions: Undecided
Girls' Glee Club, 1920-21-22
English Club, 1921-22

FRANKLIN WEBSTER WIGGIN
54 Marlboro St., Newton
"BETTER MUSIC, NE'ER WAS HEARD"

Nickname: "Web"
Born March 7, 1904
Classical Course, Room 22
Entered from Bigelow School
College Intentions: Undecided
Glee Club, 1921-22
Baseball Squad, 1921
Track, 1917
Class Football, 1917
Senior Play

JOHN LOUIS WIGGIN
1821 Washington St., Auburndale
"WITH A SMILE THAT IS CHILDLIKE AND BLAND"
Nickname: "Jack," "Wiggles"
Born June 18, 1906
Classical Course, Room 22
Entered from Roger Wolcott School
College Intentions: Harvard
Glee Club, 1921-22
Senior Play, 1922



1922

NSH



MARJORIE GEORGINA WILSON

396 Ward St., Newton Centre

"SUNSHINE FOR ALL"

Nickname: "Marge"

Born April 8, 1904

Classical Course, Room 22

Entered from Girls' Latin School, Boston

College Intentions: Wellesley

Class Field Hockey Team, 1920-21

Class Basketball, 1921-22

Glee Club, 1921-22



ESTELLE MARGARET WILLING

389 Woodward St., Waban

"WHEN SHE HAD PASSED, IT WAS LIKE THE
CEASING OF EXQUISITE MUSIC"

Nickname: "Stellie," "Stell"

Born August 22, 1903

General Course, Room 19

Entered from Roger Wolcott School

College Intentions: Skidmore School of Arts

Glee Club, 1922

Property Committee, Senior Play



EDMUND B. WOODWARD

139 Mt. Vernon St., Newtonville

"THE VERY PINK OF COURTESY"

Nickname: "Woody"

Born May 12, 1905

Scientific Course, Room 19

Entered from Claffin School

College Intentions: Dartmouth

Glee Club, 1921-22

Relay Swimming Team, 1922

Class Basketball, 1919-20



ESTHER LOUISE LEACH

206 Beethoven Ave., Waban

"MY FEET ARE FRISKY AND AIRY
LIKEWISE AM I"

Nickname: "Polly"

Born April 7, 1903

General Course, Room 24

Entered from Roger Wolcott School

College Intentions: Normal School

Class Basketball, 1919-20-21

Varsity Basketball, 1921-22

1922

ELEANOR LOUISE ASBELL

30 Willow St., Newton Centre

"STYLE IS THE DRESS OF THOUGHT"

Born December 23, 1903

General Course, Room 24

Entered from Mason Grammar School

College Intentions: Undecided

Gal. 7 Newtonian

BEATRICE JENKINS

86 Washington St., Newton

"NAUGHT VENTURE, NAUGHT HAVE"

Nickname: "Bea," "Beazie"

Born August 31, 1905

Classical Course, Room 23

Entered from Bigelow School

College Intentions: Undecided

DOROTHY EVANGELINE MURPHY

56 Elm St., West Newton

"ON THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE"

Nickname: "Dot"

Born June 18, 1901

Special Course, Room 22

Entered from Sacred Heart Academy

KATHERINE LANGFORD PRIEST

47 Hollis St., Newton

"THE CHASTE AND UNEXPRESSIVE SHE"

Nickname: "K"

Born December 24, 1902

Classical Course, Room 24

Entered from Waukegan, Ill.

College Intentions: Wellesley

1922

“ B e a r D e t h e T o r c h ”

The History of the Class of 1922 of the Newton Classical High School

DEAR FRIENDS: While my duty is to recall its glorious deeds and bring back to your minds the fair history of the Class of 1922, if I become too enthusiastic and boastful and seem to be making up some pretty stories about this dear old class, please forgive it and admit with me that even its history cannot do justice to the brilliant achievements of such a class.

We've always been different. As I think back to the gala day when we came here as freshmen, I can seem to see this big yellow building brighten up at our arrival; then a friendly smile seemed to come over her face and she seemed to stretch forth her arms to us in loving welcome, as if she were thinking, "Ah! here it comes at last, my class—the class to make my name ring through the ages, and make it one of pride. With such a greeting, how could we help but be great? The very first year we were in the spotlight, but sad to say, the light that shone on us was a beautiful freshman green! What was worse, when we were presented with our class color, it, too, turned out to be green. But instead of dulling our spirits, this greenness gave us a bright, smart look and we were certainly the finest group of freshmen in pig-tails and knickerbockers that ever walked the corridors of Newton Classical High School. Before very long we elected our class officers. David Lawlor was president; Margaret French, vice-president; Roberta Ely, secretary; Edward Stimpson, treasurer. We also made a constitution, a masterpiece in itself, by which we could govern our life in high school. And thus prepared we were ready for four happy school years.

When we returned the second year we had the conceit and "know-it-all" attitude of the cocky sophomore. We knew all the "ins and outs" of high school and thought there was no teacher in the building we couldn't bluff. The little time left after subtracting that taken up with bothering the teachers and playing tricks on our friends and staying after school, we spent in studying Caesar's "Gallic Wars." How we did love that dear old Roman! But even though we hated to leave him, we did take a little time and elected our class officers. Who do you think we chose for our president? Edwin Loughrey, the greatest man in our little world. Edith Frost was vice-president; Mary Richard, was secre-

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

tary; and Edward Stimpson, treasurer. And though quiet, that year was very profitable, for during it we were building the road to our future glories.

Junior year we made our debut in athletic circles. Our athletes had a dash and "pep" that was true to the spirit of 1922. Alan Dunlop, the ice-skater; Clarence McDavitt, the speed-boy; Alice Brace, the field hockey star; and Edith Frost, the basket-ball wizard—all belong to us. We truly contributed some valuable material to the sporting world. During these busy days, Joseph Clapp was a familiar figure in the lunch-room when he and his pals could be seen scowling over a miniature chess board and contending for the championship of this violent sport. As a rare treat for class meetings we were sometimes privileged to hear a discourse of the "Charlie Murphy" brand of English. On very special occasions we have been lead into the regions of wonderful music, guided by the magic hand of that master of the violin, Morris Meilman. Even during such a busy time we remained faithful to our ancient Romans and spent a great deal of time unravelling Cicero's select orations. Our Junior officers were: Edwin Loughrey, again president; Katherine Bingham, vice-president; Mary Richard, secretary; and Louise Lovejoy, treasurer. But that year a great sorrow came to us. One of our teachers, Mr. Meserve, died. It seemed that one of the pillars of the school had fallen. He loved the boys and girls, and they loved him, and when he passed away and left his big school-room empty and dark, we were very sad and missed him very much. According to a custom of the school, at the end of this Junior year we gave the seniors a large reception at graduation.

At last the fourth year came and we were seniors. We must have been awe-inspiring! Every one looked up to us. The freshman stared at us with wide-open, worshipful eyes. And, of course, we played the part of the unmoved and indifferent upper classman. We made believe it was nothing to us, but just the same we were pretty fond of ourselves and mightily pleased to be the gods of Newton High School. This was not only the fourth year, but the last. Ten months remained for us to show our true worth and power. We began by electing as officers Alfred Stafford, the most famous boy in Newton, as president; Madelon Bartlett, vice-president; Frances Hatch, as secretary; Shattuck Osborne, as treasurer. President Stafford was also captain of the football team, and with a band of Newton warriors following him, he lead the old school to the league championship. A beautiful gold cup stands in Mr. Dickinson's trophy room as a lasting memorial of this victory. Proud and happy, Newton carried the ball one goal further and gave a large banquet in recognition of the boys' wonderful success and the faithful services and untiring devotion of Coach Dickinson.

Early in the year a terrible misfortune befell us. We lost our master. He gave his life for us. The school seemed dark and vacant, and the halls were

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gloomy and sad. We saw no longer the friend we used to meet in the corridors as we passed from room to room. We heard no more his smiling greetings. It was hard for us to believe, but it was true. He was gone from the school, but not from his pupils, for in the hearts of his children he shall live forever.

Around Christmas time the Newtonian Staff gave the most unusual dance of the year, the "Feminine Follies." This was distinctly a ladies' affair, and as cavaliers they performed the gentlemanly duties very neatly. Every one had a wonderful time, and it was considered one of the greatest successes of the year. As seniors we have put the Student Council on a firm basis, and it is now a large factor in the running of the school. We are leaving it well established and hope that the under graduates will develop it for the welfare of the school.

And at last the real victory of our high school course has come,—graduation. High school is over and the road of life stretches on before us. It will surely be rich in good deeds and abundant in happiness, if we keep true to the standards given us by our true friends, the teachers. As we voyage down this well-trodden way of life, many cross-roads and puzzling by-ways will appear, and we, in our ignorance, undecided which road to take, shall be guided in our choice by their high principles. Through every stage of life, in sunshine or in storm, the recollection of our life in Newton High will hold a bright, happy place in the memories of our childhood. Our friendships, though perhaps in reality buried in the last exciting days of graduation, will have an everlasting life in our hearts. So, as we walk out of this building to-day, for the last time high school pupils, we shall turn back and gaze at Newton Classical High School with loving tenderness, and with a tear or two in our eyes and with a warm glow about our hearts we shall bid a silent farewell to the kindest friend of our youth.

MARY R. RICHARD.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

HONOR ROLL	
GIRLS	BOYS
Madelon Alberta Bartlett	Daniel Berkeley Bianchi
Elizabeth Dean Bennett	Reginald Lawrence Capon
Alice Bristol Brace	Russell Watson Clark
Helen Margaret Bray	James Drummond Dow, Jr.
Dorothy Dane Colby	Robert Donaldson Darrell
Claire Elizabeth Curley	Donald Frederick Harding
Elizabeth Nichols Donovan	Kenneth Atwood Henderson
Agnes Elizabeth Fairchild	Henry Garrett Houghton
Dorothy Dow Griffin	Shattuck Weston Osborne
Helen Louise Hamilton	Howard Leonard Rich
Helen Mary Hebert	Robert Dennison Salinger
Evelyn Hazlett Hunt	Robert Morgan Stopford
Elizabeth Cooper Jack	William Haviland Taylor
Florence Elizabeth Lamont	Harry Cabot Weare, Jr.
Hester Martin Leitner	Clark Weymouth
Doris Mae Lewis	Henry Whitmore, Jr.
Alice Russell Libbey	Edmund Brant Woodward
Elizabeth Cole MacMillan	
Dorothy Evangeline Murphy	
Catharine Barbour Pedley	
Evelyn Frances Perry	
Mary Roche Richard	
Lilla Mariam Ritcey	
Eleanor Smith	
Dorothy Thompson	
Frances Elizabeth Varney	
Marjorie Georgina Wilson	

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Senior Statistics

	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD
<i>Most Popular Man</i>			
Teacher	Mr. Dickinson	Mr. Davis	Mr. Marson
<i>Most Popular Woman</i>			
Teacher	Miss McGill	Mrs. Maynard	Miss Capron
<i>Most Popular Boy</i>	Alfred Stafford	Edwin Loughrey	Donald Reynolds
<i>Most Popular Girl</i>	Frances Hatch	Alice Brace	Madelon Bartlett
<i>Most Athletic Boy</i>	Alfred Stafford	Shattuck Osborne	*Alan Dunlop
			*Philip Hardy
<i>Most Athletic Girl</i>	Alice Brace	Edith Frost	Marjorie Tucker
<i>Handsome Boy</i>	George Peirce	John McKeon	Clark Weymouth
<i>Prettiest Girl</i>	Margery Tower	Barbara Simpson	Frances Hatch
<i>Laziest Member</i>	Edmund Leeds	Emerson Murphy	William Chapple
<i>Tallest Member</i>	Francis McOwen		
<i>Shortest Member</i>	Elizabeth Donovan		
<i>Class Dude</i>	Allen Kawel	Webster Wiggin	*McArthur Noyes
			*John McKeon
<i>Class Cut-up</i>	Gordon Jenkins	Welles Holmes	Harrison Sawyer
<i>Class Flirt</i>	Barbara Simpson	Elizabeth Cole	Marion Forsythe
<i>Most Bashful Member</i>	Jack Brewer	John Connor	George Bowen
<i>Most Studious Member</i>	Robert Darrell	Dorothy Colby	Madelon Bartlett
<i>Noisiest Member</i>	Harrison Sawyer	Marjorie Tucker	Charles Murphy
<i>Class Sponger</i>	Robert Moir	George Peirce	*Gordon Jenkins
			*Allan Dunlop
<i>Class Spongee</i>	Wilbur Maynard	Marjorie Tucker	Elizabeth Cole
<i>Peppiest Member</i>	Helen Pratt	Edwin Loughrey	Marjorie Tucker
<i>Densest Member</i>	Edmund Leeds	Howard Wellwood	*Elizabeth Cushman
			*Marjorie Carr
<i>Most Conceited Member</i>	Alan Dunlop	Shattuck Osborne	*John O'Brien
			*George Peirce
<i>Class Bluffer</i>	Edward Crane	Gordon Jenkins	*Julia Middleton
			*Jack Wiggin
<i>Longest-Winded Member</i>	Joseph Clapp	Charles Murphy	John O'Brien

*Tie Vote

(NOTE: These statistics are ascertained strictly by vote and only by vote of the entire class.

SUB-SENIORS



FACULTY



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SUB-SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENT

Sub-Senior Class Officers

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	DOANE ARNOLD
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	KATHARINE BINGHAM
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HAMILTON OAKES
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	EDWARD STIMPSON

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

Sub-Senior Class History

(WITH APOLOGIES TO DONELAN)

DERE ED:—A little while back you ast' me to 'rite a histry for our Sub-Senior Class. I understand you want it to go into the Newtononian or somethin' like that. Wall I've looked over some of the past numbers of this book an I've decided that I wuzn't brilliyunt enuff to rite any of this swell stuff like they had before so I thot I'd just rite you a letter tellin you about that class.

In the school year, 1918 to 1919, we entered in September. Gosh all hem-lock I member how scart we wuz, nuthin but little freshies with knee britches, an the gurls with their hair down their backs wandrin around that big buildin lookin for room 37 down in the lunch room and the bicycle room up on the 3rd floor. After about a week we became acustomed to this maze of class rooms and corridors and could get to our four recitations fairly well. Then one mornin we found our way up to the assembly hall an elected our class officers. They were: President, David Lawlor; Vice-President, Margaret French; Secertery, Roberta Ely an Treserer, Edward Stimpson. The rest of the year was spent in studyin, we learned that x equaled nothin (and also that some of our brains equaled x.) Ha, ya didn't know I was a humerist did ya. We also learned that Galba est Agricola, the K in knowledge is silent like the P in fish, an that Alexander swam the English Channel. Our class went in for sports too and beleve me we shook a wicked leg in track coming in 4th in the Inter-Class Meet. Then June came and the brilliyunt ones got out of their exams but the rest of us stayed a few days longer and then separated for the summer, me comin' back here to Yapp's Crossing.

Next September we came together again for the year of 1919 and 1920. This year we had great fun tellin freshies how many flites of stairs to go up to get to room 6 and all those wize cracks. This year our officers were: Edwin Loughrey, president; Edith Frost, vice-president; Mary Richard, secretary and Edward Stimpson, treserer. This year we were very much more brilliyunt studyin about Omnis Gallia etc., an' a lot of this strate line stuff, an' the real meanin of "polywogs frogslegs," An' so we continued thru this year win'in' most of our ball games an all-in-all goin' to make one of the best classes Newton ever had.

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Thus the year ended with several more blue cards to our credit (blue cards are a great honor, Ed) an we dispersed for the summer.

Then in the fall of 1920 we assembled once more to pursue the academic, or to have it pursue us, hey Ed? For this term Edwin Loughrey was again chozen president; Katherine Bingham, vice-president; Mary Richard, secertery an' Louise Lovejoy, treserer. Hooray for the 19th amendment. The class was somewhat divided in studies becuz some were going to be Sub-Seniors the next year an some were going to be Seniors but we were all together in athuletics an' turned out some good teams. You mustn't think that we didn't learn anythin an' jest played games all the time becuz we did. We not only learned more about Latin, French and English but we learned how lucky we were and how eazy we had it when we wuz freshies. (Present freshies please take notice). Another year ended and a little more knowledge was gained, so we parted for a vacation.

Next fall we met again an' started on our Sub-Senior year. This was a pretty small class but by no meens insignificant. The officers were, Doane Arnold, president; Katherine Bingham, vice-president, Edward Stimpson, secertery and Hamilton Oakes, treserer. (I guess the 19th amendment didn't do so much after all.) The class continued during this year with success in both scholastic and athuletic lines and we separted all prepared for our work as Seniors next year.

Hoping this imformation will be alrite I remane, yours till Newton looses the Football Championship.

HAM N'EGGS.

JUNIORS



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JUNIOR CLASS PRESIDENT

Junior Class Officers

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HOWARD WHITMORE, JR.
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HENRY CROSBY
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	WILLIAM NORTH
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	MARY ROBINSON

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

New Discovery!!

ALMOST accomplished ! Scientists believe they are now on the right track and that it will take only one more year for the completion in the case of the most active molecules.

* * * * *

After much experimenting and burning of the midnight oil, the group of chemists, Education, of the Newton High School have arrived at the conclusion that it is on the road to the solution of a problem long puzzling the world: What is the infallible process of changing the compound M I N (much improvement needed) to the compound G W H (graduated with honor)?

First in September 1919, they took 265 molecules of M I N and analyzed this substance, tabulating the results. Results—Many good qualities found, particles seemed to collect around and be led by a center composed of 4 atoms; President, Howard Whitmore; Vice-President, Caroline Cummings, Secretary, William North; Treasurer, Margaret Williams. After tabulating discoveries they combined the substance with lessons, study, discipline, practice and pleasure, and watched result, which was very favorable and promising. The boys in the Track meet were victorious by 20 points over the like substances with which they came in contact, an entirely new fact. In football they beat the Sophomores and tied the Juniors, and in baseball tied the Sophomores. The girls revealed much “pep” and glimpses of stores of future victory. Reports were compared every five weeks and in June a summary was drawn up. Some of the waste material was eliminated and that which seemed promising was kept for further experiment. The workers adjourned for a short recess and picked up their work again in September 1920.

They analyzed the material first and after a careful investigation found a slight change in its characteristics. The particles grouped about re-elected President, Howard Whitmore; Vice-President, Herbert Hansen; re-elected Secretary, William North; Treasurer, Mary Robinson. They then combined mass with about same substances as the year before, adding a few extra ones. Result obtained—McQuiston and Swartz won “N’s” on Track and the boys again in the Inter-class Meet rose high above all the other compounds. Esty won his “N” in football and the “1923” boys won over the Sophomore football teams

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of Brookline and Waltham. The girls confirmed the scientists' suspicions. They won the class Gym Meet and the Class Field Day, and Mary E. Edmands and Caroline Cummings won "N's" in the Triangular debate. Many brilliant prospects were seen in the summary of the five-week reports. Another recess ensued, after which the scientists resumed their duties September 1921.

They decided that the compound was changeable, not clinging to the same center, for this time its parts assembled about re-elected President, Howard Whitmore; Vice-President, Henry Crosby; re-elected Secretary, William North; re-elected Treasurer, Mary Robinson. "N's" were won by Dewing, Esty, Kohler, and McQuiston, and the boys again won over their associates in the Inter-class Meet, 34 to 33 of "1922." This being the third time is a sure proof that this is a characteristic of the compound and therefore may be termed an hypothesis. The girls' field hockey team won over the Sophomores. Marjorie Dow and Sylvia Dow were members of the Varsity Hockey Team. In the first class basketball games the "1923" girls won over "1925," which necessitated their acting with "1922," and although they lost to them, 19-17, they did it with fierce battling. Sylvia Dow, Marjorie Dow, Adeline Badger, Helen Clark, Jean Carrick, Mary Reynolds and Doris George members of the Varsity Basketball Squad.

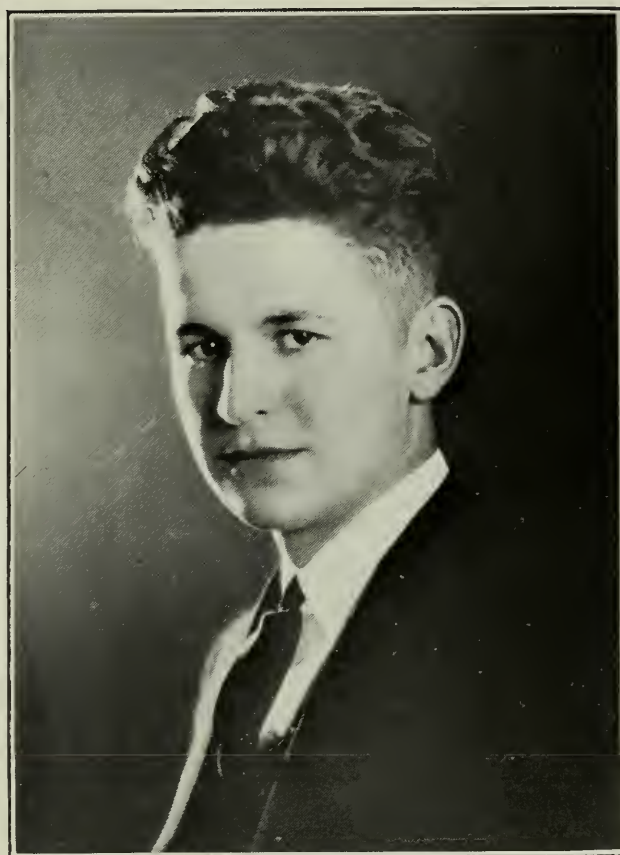
The scientists hope "1923" or the compound M I N will continue reacting as well as it has, and have decided that age improves its qualities. They are sure of success and urge all to watch and wait patiently for the final report which is sure to comply with all their expectations. Don't forget to watch for the next report!

MARJORIE PERKINS, 1923.

SOPHOMORES



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SOPHOMORE CLASS PRESIDENT

Sophomore Class Officers

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	ROBERT BROWN
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	LUCY ALLEN
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	JEAN THOMPSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	ROBERT ADAMS

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

A Marvelous History

ONE DAY, in the year 3621, an aeroplane descended on the banks of the Charles River. In it were many famous Martian scientists who had come from their native land on a research party to make excavations in some mounds which had been observed in this vicinity, and were supposed to cover the site of the ancient city of Newton.

The wonderful machines which they brought with them made possible very rapid excavations and soon they had unearthed a huge mass of yellowish bricks. Way down underneath these bricks was found a leaden box, covered with the dirt and mold of many years. This was carefully removed and this inscription was revealed:

"Within are preserved all the important archives of the twentieth century."

The box was opened and inside were found various parchments. One of the most important was as follows:

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1924 NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL.

On a stormy day in the September of 1921, A. D., the orange and black curtain arose for the class of 1924. Every Monday morning we were assembled in the hall where we were taught to sing "The Ivy Green," better known as "The Ford Machine." ("What could they mean?" thought the Martian readers.) That year we elected for our officers, Robert Brown, President; Ruth Pidgeon, Vice-President; Jean Thompson, Secretary; and Robert Adams, Treasurer.

We returned the following September with lighter hearts for now we were to laugh instead of being laughed at. We were now Sophomores, or, as Mr. Mergendahl would say, "last year's Freshmen." Of course everything went more smoothly this year, since we knew the building and the teachers better; We elected for our officers: Robert Brown, President; Lucy Allen, Vice-President. Jean Thompson, Secretary, Robert Adams, Treasurer.

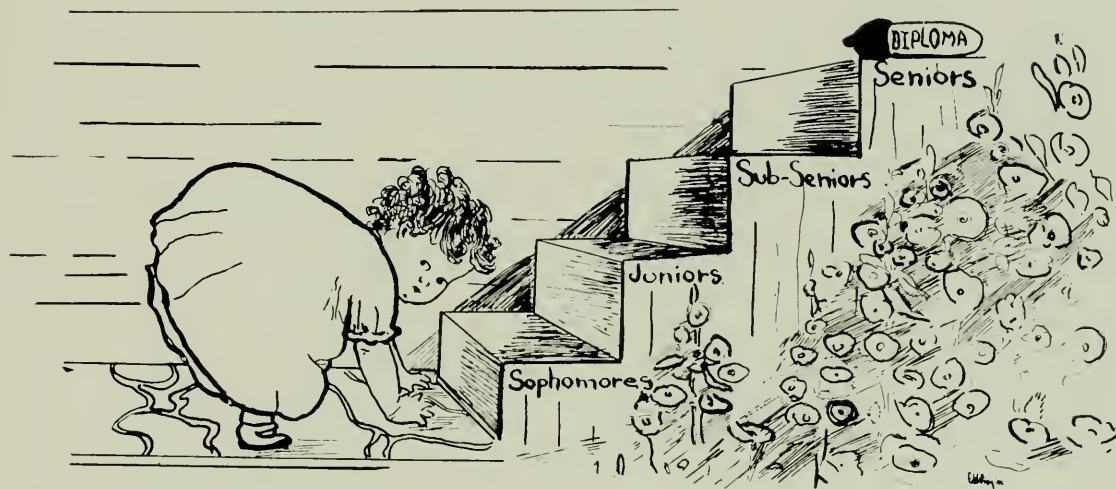
The class has been well represented both years on the Debating team and contains many promising young athletes.

Keep your eye on '24!

* * * * *

"It is amazing," said one of the Martian gentlemen, "that a class of the twentieth century should be so much better than any of ours in the thirty-seventh!"

FRESHMEN



NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL



FRESHMAN CLASS PRESIDENT

Freshman Class Officers

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	HOLMES WHITMORE
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	KATHERINE BONNER
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	BARBARA ANGIER
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	CARLETON McCULLOGUH

History of the Baby Class

- Sept. 12 Baby's birthday.
Sept. 19 Baby took his first steps toward hard work.
Oct. 21 Accompanied by his big sister, Sophomore, the small child attended a meeting in the assembly hall.
Nov. 7-11 Our small hero with the help of his many nursemaids (teachers) tried to improve his baby talk.
Nov. 10 A Harvest Carnival was held in the gym which delighted baby Billy for he danced around in glee.
Nov. 18 Exams—Baby was quite fussy as he was cutting a new tooth.
Nov. 23-30 Billy gave thanks for there was no school.
Dec. 16 Memorial service for Mr. Adams.
Dec. 23 January 3. Another recess.
Jan. 11 Baby Billy and twin sister Sue held a council where they elected officers as follows:

President, HOLMES WHITMORE
Vice-President, KATHERINE BONNER
Secretary, BARBARA ANGIER
Treasurer, CARLETON McCULLOUGH.

- Jan. 20 Billy, with his older brothers, entered a track meet. Although Billy doesn't equal them in skill, he is fast becoming a good athlete.
Feb. 3 First half. Baby graduated from his infant wear into rompers.
March 3 Billy and his twin sister attended the Feminine Follies in the gym.
March 24 Sister Sue had a competition against her older sisters in the gym. The places were as follows: Freshman, 1st; Juniors, 2nd; Sophomores, 3rd; Seniors, 4th.
April 21 Third quarter. Billy outgrew his rompers and took up his abode in short trousers.
June 23 Fourth quarter. Special notice. We expect by this date that Billy will be glad enough to wear long trousers and be a Sophomore.



1921

- Sept. 12 School opened.
 19 Fall tennis tournament started.
 22 Senior class meeting. Officers nominated.
 23 Sub-senior class meeting. Officers nominated.
 26 Student Council organized.
 29 Football—Newton 7; Quincy 0.
- Oct. 4 English Club meeting.
 12 League Football—Newton 10; Everett 0.
 15 League Football—Newton 41; Somerville 0.
 17 English Club meeting. Officers elected.
 22 League Football—Newton 7; Medford 0.
 26 Senior Assembly.
 26 Final round Boys' tennis tournament.
 28 League Football—Newton 16; Rindge 0.
- Nov. 5 League Football—Newton 14; Cambridge Latin 0.
 7-11 Better Speech week.
 9 Freshman. Sophomore Assembly. Speeches by a few pupils.
 12 League Football. Newton 13; Malden 7.
 16 Upper Class Assembly. Mock trial of offenders against Better English during previous week. Judge, Mr. Thurber; Clerk, Donald Reynolds, '22.
 19 Football—Newton 27; Waltham 0.
 23-30 Thanksgiving vacation.
 24 League Football—Newton 12; Brookline 0.
 26 Field Hockey—Newton 3; Alumnae 2.
- Dec. 5 English Club trip to Widener Memorial Library, Cambridge.
 15 Memorial Service for Mr. Adams.

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Speakers: MR. S. WARREN DAVIS, *Chairman*;
MISS MINERVA LELAND,
DR. WILLIAM E. GALLAGHER,
REV. EDWARD T. SULLIVAN,
MR. ULYSSES G. WHEELER,
EDWIN LOUGHREY, '22.

- 19 Assembly—Song and Cheer Practice for Dicksonian Banquet.
Election of Newtonian officers.
- 21 Presentation of Christmas program of English Club.
- 23 Dicksonian Banquet at Temple Hall, Newtonville.
- Dec. 23 to
- Jan. 3 Christmas vacation.
- Dec. 27 Hockey—Newton 4; Alumni 9—Newtonville.
- 29 Hockey—Newton 2; Alumni 2—Brae-Burn.
- Jan. 1 Hockey—Newton 4; Alumni 12—Newtonville.
- 4 Hockey—Newton 14; Boston College High 0.
- 9 League Hockey—Newton 1; Somerville 1—Arena.
- 11 Hockey—Newton ; Harvard Freshmen —Cambridge.
- 13 Snappy Sub-Senior Spree.
- 14 Hockey—Newton 0; Andover 5.
- 16 League Hockey—Newton 0; Brookline 1.
- 18 Hockey—Newton 5; Belmont Independents 0.
- 20 Inter-Class Track Meet won by Juniors.
- 22 League Hockey—Newton 4; Malden 1.
- 24 Girls' Inter-Class Basketball won by Seniors and Juniors.
- 25 Hockey—Newton 3; Browne and Nichols 2.
- 26 Girls' Inter-Class Basketball won by Seniors and Juniors.
- 27 Sophomore Gym Dance.
- League Hockey—Newton 1; Cambridge Latin 4.
- 28 Track Meet—Newton 24; Alumni 51.
- 30 Hockey—Newton 3; Middlesex 2.
- 31 Meeting of Student Council.
- Girls' Inter-Class Basketball won by Seniors and Juniors.
- Feb. 1 Meeting of Student Council.
- 1 League Hockey—Newton 2; Rindge 0.
- 3 Track Meet—Newton $34\frac{1}{2}$; Medford $33\frac{1}{2}$.
- 6 Meeting of Student Council.
- 10 Track Meet—Newton 46; Allen School 22.
- 10 Hockey—Newton 4; Tech Freshmen 0.
- 11 Hockey—Newton 1; Exeter 6.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

- Feb. 15 Address by Dr. Brownell, Northland College.
 17 Valentine Dance—Junior Class.
 17 League Hockey—Newton 1; Melrose 3.
 18 Track—Huntington Meet—Newton $8\frac{3}{4}$ points.
 22 League Hockey—Newton 1; Arlington 1. (2 overtime periods.)
 28 Senior elections for Historian, Prophet, Statistician, and Orator.
- March 1 Musical Program—Piano Solos, Emily Blaisdell, '23 and John
 Andrews, '23. Vocal Solos—Katherine Sullivan, '23.
 3 Feminine Follies—Newtonian Staff.
 4 Track—State Meet.
 10 Triangular League Girls' Debate—Newton *vs.* Somerville (won by S.)
 Newton *vs.* Brookline (won by B.)
 15 Musical Program—Piano Solo, Claire Leonard; Vocal Solo, Morris
 Brown; 'Cello Solo, Robert Forbes.
 22 Prize Speaking Contest.
 24 Newtonian Concert—M. I. T. Musical Clubs.
 Girls' Gym Meet—Won by Freshmen.
 29 Musical Program.
- April 17 League Baseball—Newton-Waltham. (Called off at end of 3rd
 inning on account of rain.)
 19 Baseball—Newton 9; Everett 0.
 20 New Schedule starts.
 21 Spring Carnival—Newtonian Staff.
 22 League Baseball—Newton 2; Brookline 1.
 26 Baseball—Newton 15; Boston English 12.
 29 League Baseball—Newton 9; Rindge 2.
- May 2 New principal spoke to school—Francis Bacon.
 Baseball—Newton 6; Waltham 5.
 6 Baseball—Cambridge at Newton.
 Tennis—Worcester Academy at Worcester.
 10 Baseball—Medford at Medford.
 11 Tennis—Quincy High at Quincy.
 13 Baseball—Somerville at Newton.
 Senior Play, "The Sixth Prophecy."
 Tennis—Exeter at Exeter.
 16 Tennis—Rivers School at Rivers School.
 17 Baseball—Malden at Malden.
 20 Tennis—Huntington at Newton.
 Senior Dance at Bray Hall.
 Baseball—Everett at Everett.

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- May 24 Tennis—Browne and Nichols at Cambridge.
27 Tennis—St. John's at St. John's.
Baseball—Rindge at Newton.
30 Tennis—Dorchester High at Dorchester.
31 Baseball—Cambridge at Cambridge.
- June 3 Tennis—St. Mark's at Southboro.
Baseball—Medford at Newton.
7 Freshman—Sophomore Prize Speaking.
Baseball—Somerville at Somerville.
9 Tennis—Brookline at Newton.
10 Baseball—Malden at Newton.
16 Graduation—Senior Party.



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FOOTBALL

ARNOLD (*Mgr.*)
BLAIR
BOWEN, G.
BOWEN, T.
DEWING
MR. DICKINSON (*Coach*)
DUNLOP
ESTY
GARRITY
GODDARD
HARDY
JOHNSON
KOHLE
LEAHY
LEITH
McDAVITT
McQUISTON
O'DONNELL
OSBORNE
PEIRCE
REGAN
SALINGER
SAVORY
STAFFORD (*Capt.*)
VALENTINE
WEYMOUTH

BASEBALL

COLBURN
CRONIN
DRENNAN
LEAHY
LEARY
MEREDITH
MURPHY (*Capt.*)
OSBORNE
REYNOLDS (*Mgr.*)
STAFFORD
TEDESCO
WHITMORE

ICE HOCKEY

CROSBY
DROWNE (*Capt.*)
DUNLOP
HOLMES
MANNING
OSBORNE
SHIPPS
TEDESCO
VALENTINE (*Mgr.*)

FIELD HOCKEY

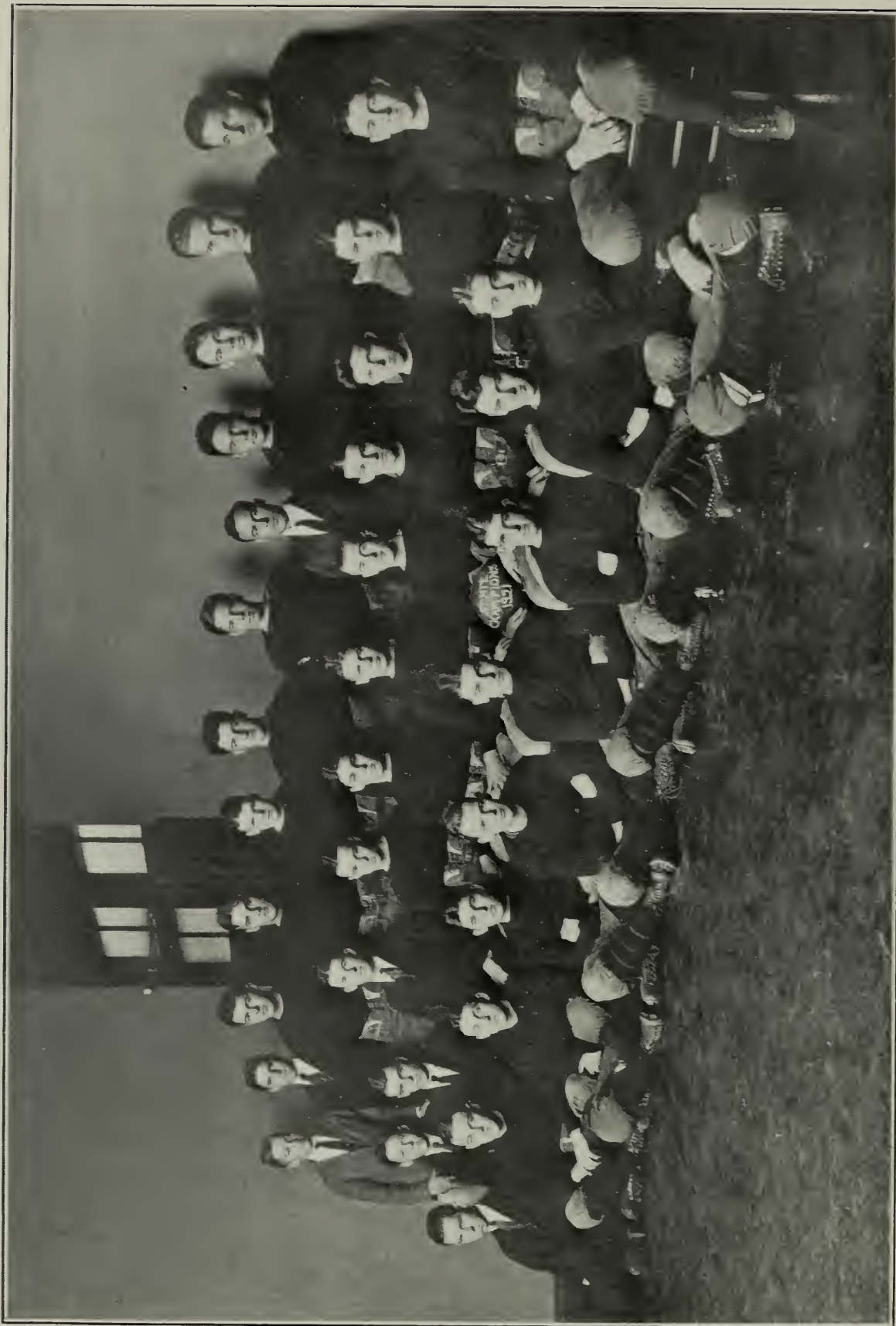
BINGHAM
BRACE (*Capt.*)
COLLINS
DOW, M.
DOW, S.
FROST
HAMILTON
JERAULD
MAXIM
McCLELLAND
RAND
RICHARD
TOWER
TUCKER (*Mgr.*)
VARNEY

TRACK

ALLEN
DICKS
ESTY
JOHNSON
KOHLE
McDAVITT (*Capt.*)
McQUISTON
MERCER
MEREDITH
MORTON
RYALL
SWARTZ
TAYLOR (*Mgr.*)
WEEKS

BASKETBALL

ALLEN
BINGHAM (*Mgr.*)
BRACE
CLARK
COOKE (*Capt.*)
CURLEY
DOW
EATON
EDDY
FROST
LEACH
PEDLEY



FOOTBALL TEAM

Willing	Patrick	Savory	Johnson	Bowen	Leahy	Dewing	Dickinson	Leith	Regan	Weymouth	Salinger
Phelps	Bell	Arnold (<i>Mgr.</i>)	Esty	Osborne	Kohler	Stafford	(<i>Capt.</i>)	Garrity	Blair	O'Donnell	Goddard
Haynes		Peirce	McQuiston	McDavitt		Bowen	Dunlop	Daly	Valentine		Hardy



Captain, ALFRED H. STAFFORD

Manager, G. DOANE ARNOLD

THE outlook at the beginning of the season for a good football team was bright. With Jenkins, C. Bowen, T. Bowen, Leahy, Johnson, and Osborne in the line, and Captain Stafford and Garrity in the backfield as a nucleus, an excellent team was finally developed. In fact the best team, without exception, that Newton ever had and the best of any in the state this year. In ten games Newton scored 147 points to its opponents' 7, winning all its games with high school teams.

To start the ball rolling, Quincy was overcome in a hard game, 7 to 0. Dean Academy 2nd, playing a number of first string men, were held to a scoreless tie. It was a very much improved team which downed Everett, 10-0, in the first league game. Next, Newton sprung the surprise of the season by wiping up the floor with Somerville, 41-0. A hard game was expected with Medford and it came. The Blue and White finally going down 7-0. Rindge Tech came next and Newton won on straight line plays, the score being 16-0. Cambridge Latin was determined to win their game and would not be satisfied unless they did. They went home dissatisfied to the tune of 14-0. The biggest game of the league season next showed the Orange and Black superior to the Yellow and Blue of Malden by the margin of 13-7. Waltham was unexpectedly overwhelmed by the score of 27-0, which was mostly the outcome of a maze of forward and lateral passes. In the final game of the year, Brookline slipped to a very snowy defeat, Newton 12; Brookline 0. A game was scheduled for the post-season with Haverhill but the Shoe City authorities backed down at the last minute, declaring the boys had had no time to practice.

Captain Stafford, Osborne, and Garrity made the inter-scholastic first teams. Others mentioned were Leahy, Dewing, Johnson, T. Bowen, Jenkins, G. Bowen. With Captain-elect Kohler, Savory, Johnson, Dewing, Esty, O'Donnell, Goddard, McQuiston, T. Bowen, and possibly Leahy returning, the prospects are exceptionally bright for the third league championship in succession in 1922.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL



HOCKEY TEAM

Valentine (*Mgr.*)
Osborne

Tedesco
Shipps

Crosby
Drowne (*Capt.*)

Manning
Holmes

Patrick (*Ass't Mgr.*)
Dunlop

HOCKEY



Captain, PRESCOTT R. DROWNE

Manager, CEDRIC VALENTINE

NEWTON'S hockey season during 1922 was an "in and out" affair. It cannot exactly be termed successful, and yet it was not really unsuccessful.

With but two letter men returning to school a team was built up which won nine games, lost six, and tied two. In the Inter-scholastic League the season was finished in a tie for fourth place with Somerville and Arlington. In the seventeen games the total of goals chalked up was 50 against the opponents 32.

After an auspicious start by overwhelming B. C. High 14-0, the team came down the ladder and tied Somerville 1-1. Then we went still further and lost to Andover, 5-0, and then to Brookline a most stinging 1-0. We came back in the next game and beat Belmont, 4-0. Then Newton won its first league game from Malden, 4-1. Middlesex and Brown & Nichols were trimmed by the same score, 3-2, although the latter took us two over-time periods. St. John's Prep was overcome, 2-0. We lost our only chance of winning the title in the next game when Cronin, supported by a few Cambridge Latin players, topped us, 4-1. We went over to Milton Academy to be beaten, 5-2. Then the M. I. T. Freshmen were beaten, 4-0, and the Tufts Freshmen were turned back by the same score with three regulars out of the Newton line-up. The team then went to Exeter and, in a game stopped by snow, lost, 6-1. In the absence of Captain Drowne, who was sick, Crosby stepped in at goal and it was not his fault that Melrose beat us, 3-1. When Newton went to St. Mark's School it was not a very hard matter to win, 5-0. In the final game of the year Arlington and Newton tied in a very hotly contested struggle. After the regulation time was up, two extra five-minute periods were played with no scoring, so it was decided to call it enough and leave the score at 1-1.

Good work was shown in spots throughout the season by the defence trio in Captain Drowne, Dunlop, and Osborne; while the forwards, Vaughn, Shipps, Tedesco, Holmes and O'Donnell, certainly did their share.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL



TRACK TEAM

Phelps	Weeks	Mercer	Swartz	Morton	Taylor (<i>Mgr.</i>)	
Kohler	Meredith	Dicks	McDavitt (<i>Capt.</i>)	Ryall	McQuiston	Johnson
		Esty	Allen			

TRACK

Captain, CLARENCE G. McDAVITT

Manager, WILLIAM H. TAYLOR

DURING Christmas vacation the track squad got together and when all the names were counted, one of the days, there were 152 present, which is one of the largest squads Newton has ever had out. About half of that number stayed out all through the season.

On the whole Newton's season was successful. The team won two dual meets and lost one, this to the Alumni. It was not unexpected, however, considering the group of stars which was aggregated to represent the graduates.

The Inter-class meet proved to be a surprise when 1923 nosed out 1922, 34 to 33, with 1924 and 1925 following with 18 and 9 points, respectively. The Sub-Seniors trailed with 5 points. There was good competition in this meet and good performances were in order. Captain McDavitt and Blair were double winners. McDavitt took both dashes, in which events he proved himself more than a success all season.

Then came the Alumni meet which resulted in a 48-20 trouncing by the "grads."

When Medford came to visit us on February 3, the papers and every one else, except a knowing few, thought Medford would walk all over us. But they were a very much surprised group who went home defeated by the one-point margin of 34 1/2 to 33 1/2. McDavitt, as usual, won both dashes, and Dicks, Kohler, and Johnson won their events, each, over the favorite.

Allen School and Colson was no match for us and Newton won as she pleased, 46-22.

In the Greater Boston Inter-scholastic meet, Newton squeezed out 8 3/4 points which was a good showing against so many crack teams. It netted us enough for sixth place.

In the final meet of the year, Newton showed to great advantage although not enough to win the meet. Captain McDavitt equalled the 60-yard dash record, Kohler broke the record in the broad jump but did not win, getting second, and Johnson brought second in the shot-put. The two relay teams piled up enough to make a total of 18 1/2 and third place. McQuiston, Ryall, and the intermediate relay team deserve credit for bringing up second place with 19 points in the intermediate division.

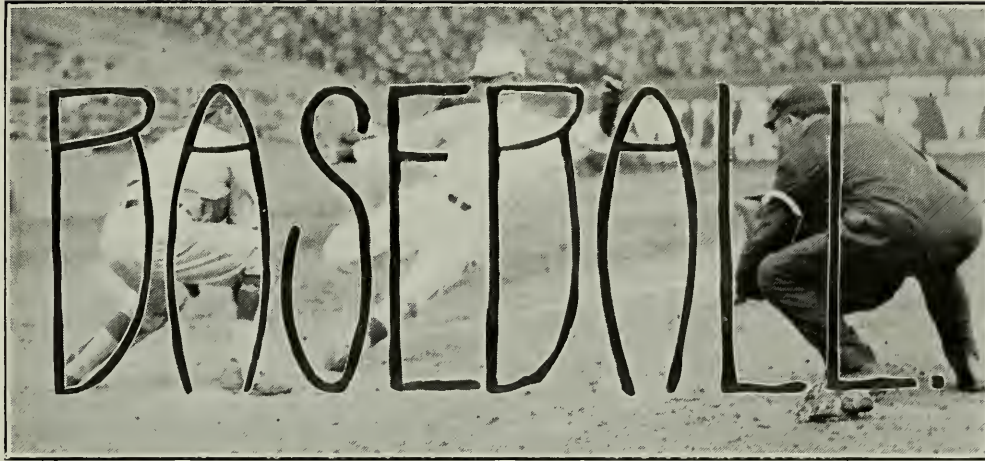
Only two out of the thirteen letter men graduate this year so the chances look good for a very successful track season next year.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL



BASEBALL TEAM

Osborne Reynolds (*Mgr.*) Fairbanks Meredith Weymouth Colburn McMullin Leith Dickinson
Drennan Sullivan Leahy Murphy (*Capt.*) Leary Cronin Stafford Whitmore Tedesco



Captain, L. EMERSON MURPHY

Manager, DONALD REYNOLDS

WHEN the candidates for the team were called for the first time late in March, it was a likely looking group that responded. After two or three cuts, the squad was of a size which Coach Dickinson could handle and develop into a smoothly-running machine.

The season started later than usual this year and in the first game on April 17, Newton was leading Waltham 5 to 2 when rain stopped the game in the second inning.

In the first League encounter, Newton easily walloped Everett, 9-0.

Next came Brookline to Claflin Field and they certainly worried us for a little while. The game was a pitching duel between Harwood and Whitmore. Each team scored a run in the first and then each tightened up until the last of the ninth, with two out, "Jackie" Drennan was "passed." Then "Jack" Leary drove out a double which sent Drennan to third. Captain Murphy, with two strikes and no balls, hit a fast single through first base and Drennan came over with the run that did the trick, 2-1.

The next game was a farce. It was played with Boston English High. While Murphy pitched, the in-town boys were only able to gather three tallies, but when sub-pitchers went in they scored nine runs in the last two innings, and Whitmore finally had to go in and stem the tide before it overcame the Newton total. The final score was 15-12.

It did not take very much to overcome Rindge and the much-touted Brown and White went home a 9-2 beaten team.

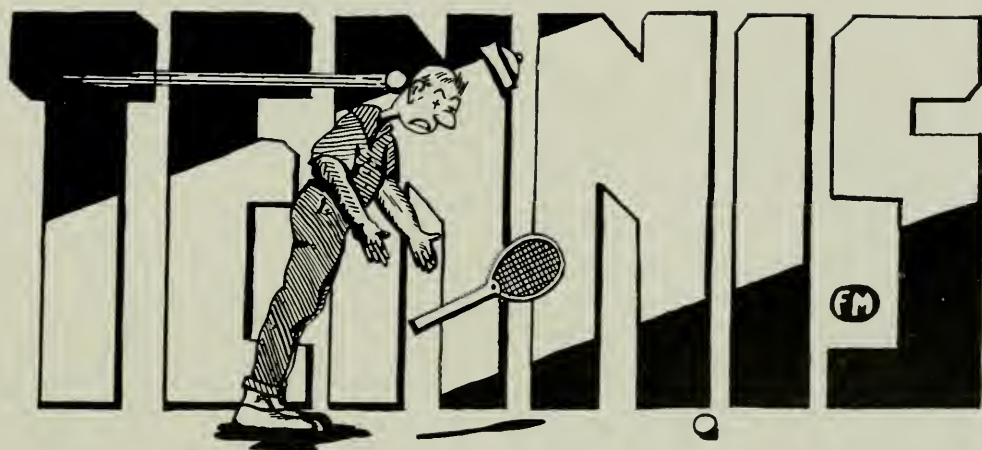
Newton went to Waltham, and after being led for seven innings finally eked out a win in the ninth when Colburn tripled and "Jake" Stafford came across with a single that scored Colburn and won the game, 6-5.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL



TENNIS TEAM

G. Hill	Jones	Johnson
M. Hill	Martin (<i>Capt.</i>)	Rhodes



Captain, DONALD H. MARTIN

Manager, HERBERT G. JONES

THIS year's team is expected to bring honor to Newton on the tennis court. It consists of Captain Martin and Rhodes, who were members of last year's team, and M. Hill, Johnson, and E. Hill, who won their positions in a tournament held in the fall.

The team will be entered in the Harvard Inter-scholastic Tournament where, it is hoped, Newton will show to good advantage. Other matches are:

May	1	Boston College 1925.
May	3	Everett High.
May	6	Worcester Academy at Worcester.
May	9	Boston Latin at Boston.
May	11	Quincy High at Quincy.
May	13	Exeter Academy at Exeter.
May	16	Rivers School.
May	20	Huntington School.
May	24	Browne & Nichols School at Cambridge.
May	27	St. John's Preparatory at Danvers.
May	30	Harvard Inter-scholastics.
June	1	Milton Academy at Milton.
June	3	St. Mark's at Southboro.
June	9	Brookline.



Captain, WELLES E. HOLMES, JR.

Manager, EDWARD S. STIMPSON

THE Newton High School is again represented by a Golf team of which it should be proud. It consists of McKeon, Stimpson, Holmes, Lowell and Drowne.

On April 28, the team defeated St. John's Prep., 5-0. None of the five matches went beyond the 14th hole, which shows that Newton has competent representatives this year. Fessenden School will be played May 3rd, and dates are being arranged with Exeter, Noble & Greenough, Brookline, Watertown and others.

The players will obtain beneficial experience which ought to prove its value in the State Junior Championship at the Commonwealth Country Club in July.

Outdoor Track

This year is the first to see outdoor track at Newton, and in several meets the team has shown up most creditably. Those winning their letters are as follows:

C. BARBA	C. McDAVITT
J. BREWER	W. McQUISTON
C. BROWN	W. PHELPS (<i>Mgr.</i>)
C. CONSODINE	W. RICHARDS
W. DICKS	N. ROGERS
FLINN	W. RYALL
C. JOHNSON	H. WEEKS

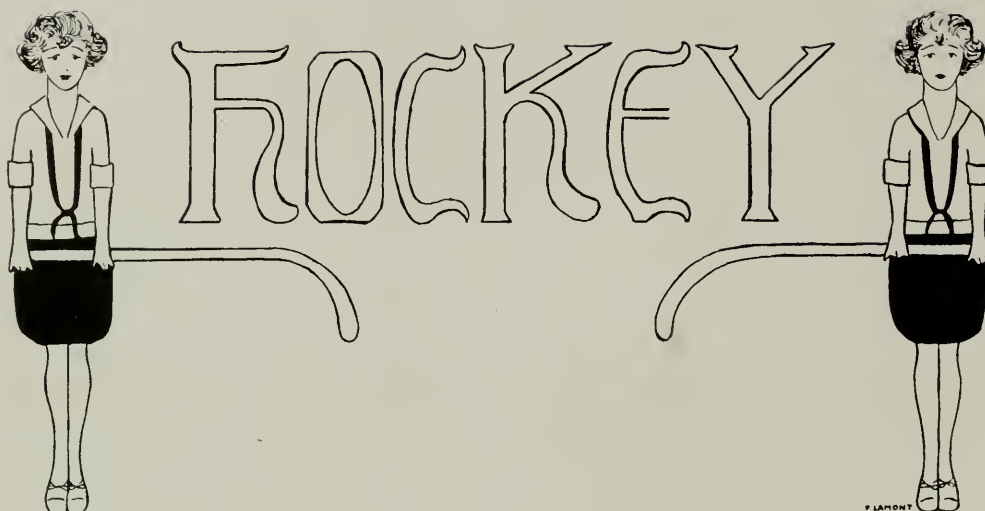
J. KOHLER

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HOCKEY PICTURE

McClellan	Hamilton	Varney	Maxim	Dow	Rand
Bingham	Dow	Brace (<i>Capt.</i>)	Tucker (<i>Mgr.</i>)		Tower



Captain, ALICE BRACE

Manager, MARJORIE TUCKER

ON Wednesday, September 21, over a hundred and thirty girls reported for the first practice of the season, and among them a herd of enthusiastic freshies. The second school team and class teams were chosen early in the season in order to give plenty of time for practice before the inter-scholastic games were played. These resulted in a four to two win for the Juniors and they certainly deserved it. As only three veterans were back it took a great deal of deliberation on the part of our trusted coach, Miss Flanders, to choose the following school team:

ALICE BRACE, *Center forward.*
KATHARINE BINGHAM, *Inside forward.*
MARION MAXIM, *Inside forward.*
MURIEL McCLELLAND, *Wing.*
FRANCES VARNEY, *Wing.*
HELEN HAMILTON, *Halfback.*
MARJORIE DOW, *Halfback.*
MARGERY TOWER, *Halfback.*
SYLVIA DOW, *Fullback.*
MARJORIE TUCKER, *Fullback.*
KATHERINE RAND, *Goal.*

The first school game was played with Milton Academy at Milton, where we were soundly defeated, eleven to one.

There followed a week of daily practice, and Saturday, November 12, we went to Winsor and again lost, the score being 6-0.

The following Tuesday we played Lasell at Cabot Field, this time being successful with a 3-0 victory.

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On Wednesday, November 23, we went to Miss Lee's School and won a close contest, the result being 4-3.

The final game with the Alumnae was by far the most interesting and humorous of them all. With "Mat" Carter as goal tend, "Ellie" Lyon, "Dot Steb," "Kenty," "Floss" Owen, and other Newton High star veterans in the line, you can imagine what our team was up against. In spite of the muddy field and some ridiculous incidents, we managed to beat them by one point.

We wound up the season with a trip to the "Green Bow" Tea Room in Wellesley, where the letters were given out by Miss Flanders, and where Marjorie Dow, to whom we wish the best of luck for the season of 1922, was chosen Captain.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL



BASKETBALL TEAM

Leach	Pedley	Eaton	Frost	Brace	Bingham (<i>Mgr.</i>)
Eddy	Curley	Cooke (<i>Capt.</i>)	Dow	Allen	



Captain, BARBARA R. COOKE

Manager, KATHARINE S. BINGHAM

THE basketball season started this year with over two hundred candidates. A new system was introduced by which more girls were given a chance to play and to get their letter.

The following squad was chosen to play in the school games, those participating in two games receiving an "N."

Forwards: Sylvia Dow, Marjorie Dow, Adeline Badger, Helen Clark, Frances Varney, Edith Frost.

Centers: Catherine Pedley, Esther Leach, Katherine Collins, Catherine Osgood, Jane Carrick, Mary Reynolds, Claire Curley.

Guards: Shirley Eddy, Anne Switzer, Barbara Leach, Lucy Allen, Marion Eaton, Doris George.

A round-robin series of class games was played, resulting in a victory for the Sophomores over the Freshmen, and the Seniors over the Juniors.

This new squad method, although it furnished exercise for a much greater number of girls, seemed to handicap the school team later on in its outside competition, for they lost games to Winsors, Natick High, Lasell, and Watertown by decisive scores, due partly to the loss of Captain Cooke, who was injured in the first game, and by lack of team work.

It is felt, however, that the interest taken in the game by so many girls will unquestionably show more favorable results next year.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL



GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

McClellan	Richard
Eaton (<i>Capt. and Mgr.</i>)	Brace

Girls' Tennis

Captain and Manager, MARION C. EATON

CANDIDATES for the team were called together in the early fall and a tournament was held to select the four best players, to form the school team for this Spring.

The Semi-Finalists were:

MARION EATON
ALICE BRACE

MARY RICHARD
MURIEL McCLELLAND

The substitutes have not, as yet, been chosen.

So far no matches have been played, but the following schedule has been arranged, May 9 at Brookline.

May 11 at Lasell.

Charlie Regan
Dana F. Hill

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

Alice C. Scott

Ruth C. Mearns

Hortense D. Britzke

Autographs

James H. Thompson
Manda Flinders

Hot Frost:

Ruth Lockwood

Evelyn Moore

"Saddy" Albee

Mary Slayter

Dorothy Simpson

Doris H. Stafford

Emma Walsh

Katherine Lee Bates

Gwendolen O'Leary

Nancy Kimball

Louise Lombinson

Olivera S. Jones

Priscilla Sibley

Estelle M. Gates

Sarah E. Tracy

Bessie M. Hamrick

Alma Gay Murray

Harriet P. Rose

Katherine Lower (Betty)

Bertie Hackett

Agnes de Bernieres

Edith Jelfers

Norman Rogers

Mary D. Lichter

Winifred Shannon

Muriel Bassett

Joe Saunders

Bessie Bacon

Dorothy Simpson

Martha Russell

Constance Sibley

E. Prescott Hills

Agnes Sibley

"Sylvio" Hille
 Grace S. Kuntz
 Margaret L. Killings.
 Ethel Holmes.
 Helen Tragg.
 Anna Harrington
 Frances Leback
 Priscilla Day
 Josephine Buss.
 Edith Showler.
 Edith Pearson

ORGANIZATIONS



"Red" David
 Elizabeth Hawkes

Ann Horton
 Ida May Wallace
 Loren Benson
 Mary "Bennie"
 "Silly" Gloster
 Dorothy Flint
 Marjorie Perkins
 Virginia A. Mason
 Marion C. off heder
 Bonstourens une petite de l'Americaine
 H. G. G. de Beersville

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL



GIRLS' DEBATING CLUB

Cummings

Edmands

Patey

Park

McCleod (*Capt.*)

Simpson

Maxim

Girls' Debating Club

LOUISE McLEOD, *President*

CAROLINE CUMMINGS, *Vice-President* MARY EDMANDS, *Sec. and Treas.*

MR. WALSH, *Faculty Advisor*

THE Girls' Debating Club assembled soon after school opened, and many new, as well as old, members attended. The meetings were held in Room 32, every Wednesday morning, each one including a debate between Club members in preparation for the Triangular League Debate.

After several trials, the following team was chosen: Louise McLeod, Barbara Simpson, Caroline Cummings, Marion Maxim, Mary Edmands, and Harriet Patey.

The big debate was held in March and unfortunately Newton went down in defeat, thereby yielding the shield to Brookline. Notwithstanding this, it was an excellent year for the Club, and showed the school what a group of determined young women can do. Good luck, girls, next year!

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL



REVIEW STAFF

Henry	Jordan	Shepler	MacMillan	Hoyt	Appleton	North
Bullock	Edmands	Loughrey	Darrell	Person	Cummings	

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The Review Staff

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Business Manager

ROBERT PERSON

Assistant Editors

CAROLINE CUMMINGS ROBERT SALINGER
EVERARD JORDAN

Assistant Managers

DONALD BULLOCK PHILLIPS HOYT

Among our Graduates

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Exchanges

ELIZABETH HENRY ELIZABETH McMILLAN

Around the Hall

EDWIN LOUGHREY

Athletics

CLARENCE McDAVITT

Girls' Athletics

MARY ELIZABETH EDMANDS

Base Hits

WILLIAM NORTH ELLIS APPLETON

Art

FRANCES VARNEY DWIGHT SHEPLER
TED ESHBAUGH

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

The Review

THE "Review" for 1921-22 has striven (above all) to be, different. The easiest thing in the world for a school magazine is to fall into a rut, for it has to meet with a passive, luke-warm support that is more maddening than active opposition. But the "Review" has tried to overcome this inclination, and be different.

The aims of the "Review" at the beginning of the year were: to have new and original illustrations and cartoons, direct editorials on school subjects of interest to the school, more short, humorous articles, and more class notes.

The first three aims were realized. Exchanges all over the country have commented favorably on the excellence of our cuts and cartoons. At least one of the editorials has borne fruit in the musical concerts arranged by Morris Mielman. The "Facts and Fancies" page proved a popular success. But the class notes never materialized, although in due justice it must be said that the school itself was responsible; they can only have class notes by writing them.

The "Review" has been far from faultless, but it has endeavored to get off the beaten track and blaze the way towards a new and more vital school magazine.

What others say:

"One of the best magazines we have received! You have a most excellent set of illustrations."

"THE BULLETIN"

"The 'Review' is indeed a paper to be proud of. The cover design is very clever."

"EMPHEI"

After all, we never stop to realize the worth of our own works, but if every pupil in the year 1922-23 strives to do his bit, the "Review" will attain an even higher estimation in the minds of others, not to mention the Newton High School itself.

Boys' Debating Club

President, ALFRED STAFFORD

Vice-President, ROBERT SPENCER

Secretary, ROBERT BROWN

Treasurer, CLARENCE McDAVITT

ALTHOUGH the Boys' Debating Club of this season had no debate with outside schools, it was not inactive. Because of controversies extending from last year, the annual debate with Brookline was not held, and no other debates were arranged, although the Club received challenges from other schools.

This doesn't mean that the members of the Club were idle, for they were not. Meetings were held every other Monday previous to January 11, and every week thereafter. Here, the fellows debated among themselves, received instructions in extemporaneous and after-dinner speeches, and tried out for the team, although it wasn't chosen.

The annual prize-speaking contest which began last year, was repeated through the encouragement of the Debating Clubs, who gave prizes to the winners. This contest is greatly enjoyed by every one, and is especially beneficial to the contestants. The school may feel indebted to the Debating Club for introducing and continuing this custom at Newton High; and we hope that the Boys' Debating Club of the year 1922-23 will do their share for their school by repeating the prize-speaking contest.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL



STUDENT COUNCIL

First Row:—Crosby Richmond Slater Rockwood Dow Drowne Reynolds Phelps Curtis
 Second Row:—Rogers Parks Bonner Loughrey Brace Arnold McCaul Stafford Clark
 Third Row:—Cummings Jack Hansen Allen Zeigler Goddard Richard Weymouth Grant
 Bartlett Kohler Edmands Savory Kendall Brown

Student Council

President, EDWIN LOUGHREY

Vice-President, KATHARINE BINGHAM

Secretary, ALICE BRACE

Treasurer, DOANE ARNOLD

THIS year the Student Council came forth as a new body, with a new constitution, and filled with the idea that it is created for a real and vital purpose. It firmly resolved to be more than a figure-head, and the results of this resolution show in the perfect manner in which this organization runs the lunch-room. In many other ways its worth is clearly recognized, especially in the series of musical programs given by students in the school, under the auspices of the Council.

It is a great thing to be able to feel that a body composed only of students can be such an influence for good in a school, and it is certainly the duty of all classes to see that the Student Council of future years never falls below the high peak it has risen to.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

The English Club

President, ROBERT SALINGER

Vice-President, CAROLINE CUMMINGS

Secretary, KATHARINE BINGHAM

Treasurer, WILLIAM NORTH

THE English Club of 1921-22 is the largest on record, and has experienced a very active and successful season. This club is one of the most important organizations of the school; each member ought to be proud of his association with it.

Early in October the members of last year's English Club organized, elected the above officers, and chose constitutional amendment, amusement, and refreshment committees. The first regular meeting took place on November 3, when it was announced that the trip to the Wayside Inn had been postponed indefinitely on account of bad weather. On November 16, a mock trial was enacted in the Assembly Hall, under the auspices of the English Club. Its purpose was to bring judgment on all pupils who violated the English language, and was held as a reminder of Good English Week. A special trip to the Widener Library at Harvard, on December 5, was attended by fifteen members of the Club, in whose estimation this library is well worth visiting. A few days before the December holidays, the English Club entertained the school with a Christmas program of music and stories, and later, on Christmas Day, a basket of food was given to a poor family, in the name of the Club. On January 16, at the second regular meeting, the club members were entertained by a moving picture of the Deerslayer, featuring Wallace Reid as an Indian. On February 25, the third regular meeting was held in the Library. This time the entertainment committee arranged some contests based on literary works, but the meeting ended abruptly, after an announcement that the refreshments had not arrived. At the monthly meeting in March, the Club was addressed by Mr. Thomas, who had just returned from England, where he had been studying school conditions and methods. This lecture was especially interesting to the pupils as well as to the English teachers. The last of the regular meetings was held on April 26, in the library and was attended by an unusual number. Mr. Minot, who writes for the *Boston*

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Herald, gave a talk on books; this was followed by questions and, last but not least refreshments.

On the whole, the 1921-22 English Club has been the most successful of those of the later years, and we earnestly hope that the next year's Club will be equally active.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

The Orchestra

IF there was ever any doubt about the spirit in the Newton High School one look at the school orchestra any Thursday afternoon would quickly settle the question for you. For we find fifteen members, all first-rate musicians, working faithfully to inspire their listeners.

The school was favored with a number of selections at the League debate, and the playing of the Orchestra at the Senior Play was a distinct and pleasing sensation.

The personnel of the Orchestra is as follows:

Director

HORACE M. WALTON

1st. Violins

ALBERT H. LYTHGOE

FREDERICK R. CHASE

SYDNEY USSHER

CLAYTON HOYT

MABEL WILLIAMSON

2nd. Violins

JEANNETTE MARTIN

JOHN MCCARTHY

VIOLA FAIRBANKS

KATHERINE BATES

1st Cornet

ELMER CURTIS

2nd. Cornet

EARL ANDERSON

Saxophone

KENNETH MESSER

'Cello

MARJORIE CURTIS

EMILY PISER

Piano

DOROTHY MCCAUL

Glee Clubs

THE girls' Glee Club has successfully continued its second year under the careful supervision of Mr. Walton. So many girls turned out for the opening meeting it was thought that some would have to be eliminated, but so much enthusiasm was shown that all were permitted to remain. Of the several songs selected by Mr. Walton, "Belle Napoli" seems to be the favorite, although there are many other fine songs. Considering the many interruptions the Club has had to contend with, the season has been a remarkably successful one. Best wishes to that of 1923!

The boys' Glee Club also had a very successful season, with an unusual attendance, and a vast amount of interest in the doings of the Club. "Ole Mr. Moon" was one of the most popular selections, with "'Tis Morn" a close second. All was going well till the time schedule was changed, and as the meetings would then have been held after school, which proceeding naturally appealed to no one, the Club was disbanded.



SENIOR PLAY PICTURE

Top Row:—Crane Willing Rideout Whitmore Brewer Bianchi Dow Wiggins Jenkins Stopford Gleason Weymouth Brock Colburn Schipper O'Malley
 Second Row:—McCaul Mills Donovan Richard Salinger McDavitt Russell Pratt Regan Stopford Tucker Pearson Tower Bartlett Reynolds
 Bottom Row:—Harding Morton Pedley Abbot Stafford Cole Leithner Capon Grant

The Senior Play

"THE SIXTH PROPHECY"

By DONALD REYNOLDS

THE Senior Play this year is a distinct and pleasing variation from the type of play which has been presented here in the last few years. It is a tale of the East—of India, and in it is a little of the everlasting strife between the British and their native subjects. It is a play with much action and from the opening words of Gordon and his rookies to the final curtain, so tense are the scenes that one's attention is held immovable.

The first scene of Act I opens in the Barrack-room of a British cantonment. "Tommies" keep things moving rapidly till "Jake," as Captain Creighton, enters. He remains but a few minutes, leaving some papers in a table drawer before departing. Men soon leave and in glides the villainous native, Chota Khan. He takes the papers and is leaving when discovered by the returning Captain. He flees and is hotly pursued by the Captain, who is, however, unable to catch him. Creighton returns and makes a clean breast of it to the Major. The Colonel appears, hears the story, and much against his inclination is forced to discharge Creighton for negligence of important duty. Creighton then explains the story of the six prophecies and leaves. In the second scene of Act I, the villain enters the room in which the Colonel and his wife, the Major and his daughter, are seated. After some talk, the Major is shot for attacking Khan. Khan escapes and the Major is found to be dead. Creighton resolves to find the papers and avenge the Major's death, so leaves for the hills disguised as a native.

Act II finds Creighton playing the part of a villager in a native encampment in the hills. Khan and his followers enter and denounce Creighton as a spy. It is resolved to burn him to death, but as the burning is delayed by the unlooked-for arrival of a rookie from the British camp, Remick, the British sergeant, following the rookie, has time to reach the village just as the match is to be applied. He and his men stampede the villagers, and wound Khan; then hurry back to cantonments with Khan as their prisoner, and Captain Creighton.

Act III shows the meeting of Creighton and the Colonel, at which Khan, rather than suffer punishment, takes poison and makes his exit, dying. The

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

second scene of Act III is the love scene between the Captain and the Major's daughter (they were in love all the time, by the way), and in this scene these two also pledge their everlasting love for India.

The outstanding characters of the play do it ample justice. "Jake" makes a perfect hero, and the heroine's part is marvelously performed by Helen Pratt. Clarence McDavitt as the villain, Clark Weymouth as the Colonel, Gordon Jenkins as the Sergeant, Robert Salinger as the Major, and Frances Russell in the difficult role of an awkward rookie, all deserve great praise for their splendid execution of their parts. It must not be thought that since these are the only ones mentioned that they are the only ones worth mentioning. Not so! Each and every person in the play did extraordinarily well, but the others had minor parts and so did not have a chance to show their talent as well.

Too much can not be said in praise of the unselfish and splendid work of Mrs. Mills, by whose efforts the successful presentation of the play was alone made possible.

ROBERT D. SALINGER, '22

Competitions

EARLY in the school year there was a call for material for the "Review," which took place in the form of competitions. A five dollar prize was offered for the best story of a thousand words; and, after much deliberation, the judges, Mr. Thurber, Miss Smith, and the "Review" Editor, awarded the prize to Donald Reynolds, '22, for his interesting story of India, "The Crossing." The Cartoon Contest was also for the "Review" material, and Miss Dix and Dwight Shepler pronounced Edward Rogers, '23, the winner.

On Wednesday, March 22, 1922, the Second Annual Prize Speaking Contest took place in the Assembly Hall. Stafford, '22 presided, and Hon. Edwin O. Childs, Miss Mabel C. Bragg and Mr. Winfield S. Smythe acted as judges. A large number of pupils tried out for this contest but only four girls and four boys were chosen to compete in the Hall; Miss Mary Welch, Miss Elizabeth Donovan, Miss Hester Leitner and Miss Mary Richard; Theodore Grant, Tudor Bowen, Robert Spencer and Edwin Loughrey. A souvenir book was given to each speaker, while a set of books was awarded to both the winners; Mary Richard for the girls, and Edwin Loughrey for the boys. The prizes were offered by the Boys' and Girls' Debating Clubs; and we owe them a great deal for establishing such a custom in the Newton High School, because all competitions lead to perfection, and that is the aim of every one.

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THE NEWTON CLASSICAL HIGH SCHOOL

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The Ancient Shadow

By ROBERT DONALDSON DARRELL

“OH well, I wouldn’t go so far as to say that” The men in the ship’s smoking room turned leisurely and with a sort of passive interest peered at the shadows from which the gentle voice had come.

The violent little man in brown who had been interrupted repeated his previous remark.

“Yes, I do go so far as to say it: all this stuff about reincarnation and your old ancestors exerting an influence over you is all rot! And it’s simple fellows like you, who believe everything they hear, that encourage this sort of thing.”

He glared vindictively in the direction of his interrupter and then went on.

“People who believe in that stuff can never prove anything. And why?” He paused oratorically. “It’s because nothing ever happened to prove it!”

The gentle voice from the shadows took up the challenge.

“I think that there is some proof” The little man broke in again.

“You think! You *think*! That’s just it! You all *think* about it, but you never have any *facts*! Not one FACT!”

“Well, perhaps I haven’t any real facts, but I have had experiences that have taught me not to ignore such things entirely.” The speaker leaned a little forward into the light so that for the first time his features came into view.

A little rustle, almost a shudder, ran round the group. It was a terrible and awe-inspiring face. The dim light accentuated the autocratic, vicious hawk nose and domineering brow. The little man in brown shrank a little. He seemed to have drawn a Tartar.

“Ah, you see, sir, you say you have known *about* it,” his voice was a trifle more deferential. After all, the man really had a most remarkable countenance. “But, I ask you, have you known *it*, the real thing itself?”

“Yes, I’ve really known it. You see, I wouldn’t be so sure, but something of this kind happened to me that is, I saw it all. It was my friend that had the real experience.

“I was an Egyptologist then and had charge of an expedition in Egypt, or rather my friend had charge of it. I was his assistant.

“Of course, this influence stuff sounds simple and childish enough in civili-

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zation, in a floating palace like this, but in some places on the edge of civilization it's different.

"Egypt is one of them. There is something about the very atmosphere that makes you feel as if the spirits of the old Pharaohs were brooding near you were casting dark shadows over you from away back in the ancient days Most tourists and such never notice it, but the ancient shadow seems to lie blacker on some people than others, and it seems to enter into their souls. My friend was affected that way.

"It was a peculiar thing, but my friend looked a good deal like an old Pharaoh himself." The speaker drew back a little into the shadows. "Peoples used to chaff him about it. In fact, that's what made him choose his work. Perhaps he was of Egyptian descent I don't know, but anyway, he became moody when he was in Egypt. He would wander up and down the sand in the starlight and take long walks in the sun. All that was bad. He became autocratic too, and he ordered the natives around like slaves.

"As time went on he grew worse and worse gave up interest in the tomb we were working on, and at night he would mutter in his sleep about the ancient shadow it was rather horrible Finally he told me that he'd had a dream or presentiment of some sort that he was really descended from some old Pharaoh, and that this Pharaoh's spirit Ka wished to enter into his body."

The little man in brown sniffed audibly. Then he felt the other's eyes fixed upon him in a gentle surprise.

"Of course," the speaker allowed, "I felt the same way as you do. I tried to talk him out of it, tell him it was the heat and he himself admitted that it was all foolishness. 'It's crazy, I know,' he used to tell me, 'and yet there seems to be this horrible shadow brooding and then there's a calling I seem to hear.'

"For a while I thought that his good sense had driven the thing out of his mind, but about two weeks later he threw up all his work and went away up the Nile with me and a few natives. He said he knew where to find a big tomb. It was madness, of course, for he knew as well as I did that there was no chance of finding a tomb away up there. But he went on, more like a bit of iron drawn by a magnet than a human, independent being It rather got on my nerves."

He surveyed the group with an anxious stare as if waiting for some one to express disbelief. But no one spoke. There was an incredible amount of conviction in the very way the old fellow spoke.

"And the funny part of the whole thing was that he actually did find a tomb. Yes, he just came to the place, camped there one night (he roamed around in

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the starlight until dawn, too), and the next morning we started digging where he said and found it.

"It's not often you get a good find like that, a tomb that hasn't been rifled by robbers, or that isn't half ruins. I'd found them before, but I'd never felt the thrill that I felt then when I walked down a long flight of steps, through a tunnel, and came to the low door of that tomb.

"Of course, the natives wouldn't come within a mile and yet the reason they gave was curious. They said the Ka, or spirit, that was in the tomb hated natives. They turned out to be right at that.

"Well, we pried off the door, or rather the door stones, and then we had to wait a long while, for nobody could breathe the air that was imprisoned in that place. It was horrible fetid, dry horrible.

"I nearly smothered when the rush of air came. But, rather extraordinarily, my friend wasn't bothered at all. It was rather ghastly to see him standing there, panting, and breathing in that hot flood of awful atmosphere. His eyes were gleaming, too, and his whole body quivered as if he was drinking fire."

The man shivered slightly; his glowing cigar end cut quavering little circles in the darkness.

"I couldn't keep him away from the place, and before it was half aired out, back he went. We crept under the low door and stood there for a minute in the dim light. There was an odd shimmering effect, due to the dust, I suppose, but it seemed to me as if we were fathoms under the ocean, in some sea monster's cavern the dark shadow in the corner was the hulk of some pirate ship. I felt that we were deep under the sea of years in some forgotten past that the shadow in the corner was *the* ancient shadow but that was all nonsense, of course.

"The worst thing about it all was the silence. It wasn't the dead, still silence, as you might say, that you'd expect I can't explain it, except to say that it was like the silence just before some one speaks. You know when you're alone with somebody and you have a feeling that he is just opening his mouth to break a long silence well, that's the way that it seemed to me.

"It's played queer tricks with me, for I could have sworn that I heard a low gloating chuckle come from the corner where that dark shadow floated.

"My friend must have imagined he heard something, too, for he seemed to lose all his nerve and all the domineering attitude he had had lately. He was in a regular funk, gave a queer sort of gasping cry, and moaned, 'I want to get out!' It was a big find, but I was only too glad to leave it alone, for I couldn't help feeling there was something rummy about the whole business.

"But we'd no sooner reached the open air when he gave the cruelest, harshest,

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most horrible laugh I've ever heard a human utter, and turned. I can hear it yet." And the hand holding the cigar trembled vaguely.

"So we went back into the tomb. My friend stepped over to the shadow in the corner, and there was a little door leading to another chamber. We crawled in, and the first thing that struck my eye was the fact that there were none of the little images or anything of the sort that you usually see strewn around unless natives have looted the place. The mummy case in the center of the room was odd too, for it was all sheathed in some sort of metal. There was a whole pile of copper papyrus cases beside the mummy.

"The mummy was so heavy that we couldn't lug it out alone, and besides, we were almost smothering. So we picked up most of the papyrus cases and left. There was no need to block up the entrance, for not a native would set foot near the spot.

"My friend was a great student of Egyptian writings. He could read almost any sort of hieroglyphics at sight. So he sat up all that night poring over those papyrus records. It wasn't the usual type of stuff, but was a sort of personal diary of the old Pharaoh whose tomb we found. It seems he had been able to write and wasn't content to let a scribe record his career and adventures. But it wasn't so much of a record as it was a plan of the things this fellow wanted to do. And of all the cruel, absolutely heartless . . . well, more of that later.

"In the morning my friend was a changed man. The ancient shadow seemed to have settled over him completely. He was no longer the kind friend I had known, but a cruel, grasping master, or rather tyrant. The natives were frightened to death of him, and no wonder, for when they refused to go into the tomb for him, he struck one of them and nearly killed the poor fellow. Up to then he had been the gentlest man towards the natives in all Egypt . . .

"Well, he drove them whimpering into the tomb and made them bring out the metal-sheathed mummy case. It was placed beside the tent and we worked at opening it all the rest of the day. When night came I wanted to quit, but my friend went right on without even hearing my protests. I guess I must have dozed off, for when I came to myself again it was dark and all the stars were gleaming. The moon was drifting close to the horizon and threw long black shadows. As I watched I heard my friend panting as with almost a superhuman effort he threw off the metal cover. It fell to the sand with a dull thud.

"As he unwrapped the cloths from the mummy's head I was leaning over his shoulder. Just as the last cloth was removed a shadow which had lain on the case slipped off as the moon sank and left the mummy illuminated as if by a searchlight . . . and then another shadow slipped back . . .

"But my heart seemed frozen. My thoughts whirled madly on the very border of insanity. I was whispering, 'It must have been the moon, it must have

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been the moon,' over and over, for the face of the mummy was the face of my friend, and in the instant of moonlight I had seen the look on that dead Pharaoh's face change from a look of unsatisfied craving to one of triumphant, gloating, devilish joy "

"It must have been the moon," protested one of the listeners, as if trying to convince himself. "It must have been "

There was silence. Only the monotonous beat of the engines and the little rush and swish as the vessel cut its way through the water were heard. Then the gentle voice went on.

"That was the beginning. My friend had fallen under the ancient shadow. He used to rave to me that he was to carry out the unfinished plans of the old Pharaoh. The old papyrus diary said something about waiting until a willing tool should come, in whose body the Ka of the Pharaoh could work. He refused to part with the mummy; its shadow lay on his soul.

"I don't believe in reincarnation myself, but strange things happen under the calm Egyptian sky, strange things and I have seen the soul of my friend lying in the shadow and watched him being driven by some mad demon from the bottomless depths of the past " His voice faded.

Finally he went on. His voice a trifle weary, it seemed.

"The natives were terrorized, believing that the Ka of the mummy had entered into his soul, and after one particularly brutal act they left, with the exception of one, my friend's servant for years.

"I pled with my friend to give up his mad schemes and destroy the mummy, for I knew that a crisis must come. In his sensible moments he agreed that he should do so but the shadow was powerful and he continued to keep it standing in one corner of the tent. He used to mutter to it

"One day I was out on the hills searching for samples of metals, for it was one of my friend's insane ideas that he should establish great mines to pay for an army and explosives to destroy all Egypt. For over a week he had been working with chemicals, testing various ores. When I came back to the camp I found our native boy dead on the sand and my friend in an agony of remorse. In a fit of passion he had killed his old and faithful friend.

"He had resolved to destroy the mummy, but so great was the hold of its demon spirit upon him that he refused to do it any normal way, but invented some mad scheme of sacrificing it on an old sacrificial table he had found in the tomb. I tried to persuade him not to do it, for I felt that such an act would only give more power to the Pharaoh's Ka.

"But he fixed up the old stone, armed himself with an ancient Ethiopian knife, and prepared to sacrifice the mummy alone in his tent. I can't remember what I did or thought, except that I seemed to be flying up and down the sand,

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waiting in an agony of fright and apprehension. But I learned of the events from my friend later.

"He said that it was in a dream that he stood beside the mummy with the sacrificial knife in his hand. Something seemed to break in his brain, he saw red, and a great voice cried, 'Kill! Kill! Kill!' within him.

"At that very instant it happened; no one knows how. All that my friend knows was that there was a flash, and then *he* was lying on the stone with the mummy above him, and he said the knife was in the mummy's hand. And the horrible part was, my friend said, that there was no hot breath in his face, no living body to struggle with only the mouldy, sickish scent of embalming fluid, the coldness of the dead, and the weight of some grim thing from out of the past

"And yet all the time that the knife was drawing nearer and nearer to his throat he was thinking. And he was thinking in two parts of his brain. You know how it often happens that when you are called upon to speak or do something to make yourself conspicuous, that one part of your brain is occupied with your speech and the other seems to stand off and watch your efforts dispassionately. It was the same with him. One part of his brain was still crying, 'Kill! Kill! Kill!' and the other was calmly and yet wildly searching for escape.

"He says that he knew if he could once stop thinking, 'Kill!' that the power would be taken from the mummy; but strive as he might, it was impossible to stop thinking that. As the knife came closer, he was cool; he knew that there was not one chance in a thousand of escape, but he still sought and at that instant one of his outstretched arms, the right, touched a bottle sitting on a little shelf at the side of the tent.

"At that very instant he knew he was saved, although the external part of his brain still thirsted for blood. For he knew that if he could distract his own brain by some severe pain, the mummy would lose its power, and he was gambling on the chance that the bottle was a bottle of concentrated sulphuric acid that, by mistake, he had left unstoppered earlier in the day.

"It was his last chance; the ancient shadow was black above him now, the knife was entering the skin; and yet it was coolly, calmly, that he tipped the bottle over on his hand.

"It was then that the night was split with one wild wail of a lost soul, and I burst into the tent. My friend was squirming in agony on the sacrificial stone, and the stiff figure of the mummy lay half over him, and the knife, its tip bloody, lay beside them on the floor.

"And that was the end. My friend, with the exception of his hand, was soon his old self, and we left the place. And no one shall ever find that mummy

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again. The ancient shadow was lifted forever from the soul of my friend, and he became the gentle, kindly man I had known before.

"But," and the speaker's voice quivered, "I can still hear that shriek ringing in my ears, and I know, I know positively, that my friend never uttered that cry." He hesitated an instant, and then went on, "And I still remember how, when I burst into the tent, the moon, which was drifting close to the horizon, shone through the tent flap for the veriest second . . . and in that time I saw the look on the mummy's face change from a look of gloating triumph to one of baffled and eternal defeat.

"That's all," the speaker slowly arose, "and it sounds unreal enough here, but under the Egyptian sky, with the ancient shadow brooding

"Of course," he went on bravely, "it's all foolishness, and yet"

He slowly left the room.

For a while there was silence in the ship's smoking room, broken only by the swish of bursting bubbles along the side and the steady beat of the engines.

"Rummy yarn, and a rummy chap," remarked one man shortly, as he stood up and brushed the ashes from his coat. "All nonsense of course

And there he stopped, for through his and every other mind there flashed the thought, "*And yet*"

"Who is that man that just went out?" demanded a man of the steward, who had just glided noiselessly in.

"Some sort of Egyptian archeologist, or rather he used to be. There was a rumor about his having gone mad with the heat and flogged a native to death, but it couldn't be true; he's the gentlest man I ever saw. But he never went back to Egypt, I believe. I'll find out his name, sir"

He *padded* silently out.

And it was not until then that the man who sat beside the narrator remembered that the gentle-voiced old man's right hand had been missing.

The End.

The Beverage That Won

I

PHIL AINSWORTH'S pipe-dream was interrupted by a series of loud knocks at his door. He exhaled a thick cloud of smoke, then sprang up to unfasten the catch-lock.

"Hello, Billy!" he boomed forth in hearty greeting to the handsome, immaculately dressed youth who entered with the opening of the door. "So you've recovered from last night's carousal, have you?"

Billy Upton did not join in the merry laugh that followed this question.

"Recovered nothing," he retorted. "You haven't heard the worst of it yet, and I dropped in for the purpose of enlightening you. As you probably know, I was escorted home by Lloyd, and he told me the particulars of the affair this morning. It seems that just before we reached my hang-out, we ran into old Pop Morris, and I immediately began to harangue the latter on five or six different subjects at once,—among them the disadvantages derived from mixing gin and sherry for a three-glass drink when it's up to you to take care of all three. There really was no need of mentioning this fact, as a fitting example stood before his eyes at the time. I also asked him in boisterous terms whither he was being transported by his dress suit, in short,—I generally disgraced myself. That means, of course, that my relations with Viv have ceased.

Ainsworth's face clouded a bit.

"If you handed him half the line you were entertaining us with, he must have been highly shocked," he asserted. "So your calls on his daughter will no longer take place? 'Oh cursed drink, to what end wilt thou not drive the hearts of men?' The boy who first said that, whoever he was, had a faint conception of what he was talking about. Better tell it to Pop to use as a slogan in his anti-home-brew business. It may help you to get on the right side of him again.

Billy made a wry face. "I won't get back into his favor as easily as that," he declared with conviction. "Besides, you're misquoting. The original was a remark made about coin, as I remember it."

"Well, Billy, if you came here merely to show me my lack of knowledge of the classics, you have my permission to withdraw. However, you bear a look as though you wished to borrow money or something. If so, my funds are at your disposal."

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"Thanks, Phil, but it isn't money I want to borrow, but some of your brains. In other words, I want your help in this vital matter. It is absolutely imperative that I be restored in the good graces of old Morris, because my relations with his daughter *must not* discontinue."

A very dramatic pose and a slam of the fist on Phil's well worn desk emphasized these words of Billy's.

"Well now, Billy, I hate to discourage an old friend, but you know women, and you know Vivian's abhorrence of liquor to say nothing of the old boy's, and yet you want me to reinstate you in the favor of both of them. Isn't that rather a task?"

"It is that," broke out Upton bitterly. "He'll tell her the day after tomorrow when she gets back from New York, and then it's all over for Billy."

"When she gets back from New York? Do you mean to tell me that she doesn't know about it yet?"

"No, but she will when—"

"Cheer up, Kid? She'll never know." Phil sprang from his chair with a sudden dash of energy and began to pace the floor. "It is true, isn't it, that old Morris is a crank on the promotion of soft drinks as a means of dispensing with wood alcohol mixtures?"

"You said it; he's running some sort of prize contest to see who can concoct the soft drink that most resembles the real stuff."

Phil immediately astonished his disconsolate companion by breaking into a hearty laugh.

"I don't see the big joke," growled the latter. "It puts me into a darned serious fix, and I think you ought to be able to realize it."

"I understand the whole business, Billy, and if you can spare about twenty-five bones to cover expenses, I'll do my best to get it cleared up, and I have bright prospects for a good result."

"Twenty-five berries! Why I'd give a year's allowance to have it off my mind for good. What's your scheme?"

Phil cleared his throat, then stated it:

"My idea is for you to hand me some twenty-five bucks, and a letter of introduction to your friend Sam. He has the best assortment, hasn't he?"

"No, he's cheapest, but the Pole on the corner has all the fancy stuff with the genuine labels. What are you up to? Want to get into the same boat with me?"

"No, no, Billy. I'm glad to say that I am not afflicted with the vice. So continue with the scheme,—you are to hand me the money, a letter of introduction to the Pole, and then go to your room to get the sleep that you lost last night."

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Drop in over here at ten-thirty tonight, not before, and I'll have it all fixed up for you then. Is it a go?"

"Fair enough for me," acknowledged Billy, and, knowing his companion well enough to be aware of the uselessness of questioning him about his plan, he counted out to him the twenty-five dollars and made his departure.

II

It was the evening of the same day on which Billy Upton made known his dilemma to Ainsworth. Phil was again sending wreaths of smoke into the air from a comfortable position in his easy chair. This time, however, he was not lost in meditation, but his air was one of expectancy, as if he were awaiting a caller. He chuckled to himself each time the memory of his afternoon's occupation returned to him.

"It's lucky I thought to borrow Lloyd's room," he mused, "or old Pop would think he was visiting a brewery. I hope Lloyd impressed it on him that this is the last day on which my invention may be sampled by the public. Ah, here he is now!"

He waited for the sound of approaching footsteps to grow louder, and not until a knock came on the door did he leave his seat to open it.

A short, robust, florid-faced gentleman entered the room and extended a pudgy hand toward its inmate.

"Mr. Ainsworth, I believe? My name is Morris, and I was informed that you had lately invented an exceptionally fine beverage of the non-intoxicating type, and, as you may know, I am greatly interested in a movement toward the selling of more of these beverages so as to put an end to the home brewing of so many poisons."

"Why yes, Mr. Morris, I have discovered rather a pleasing concoction, though how you got wind of the matter, I am interested to know. The only man who knew about it, as I thought, is a Mr. Arthur Lloyd, a member of my class here at college. Won't you have a seat, sir?"

"Thank you. As it happens, you've hit on the very man who gave me my information. I encountered him by chance as I left the house this afternoon, and I thought you might desire to enter this drink of yours into our prize contest."

"That, sir, I will allow you to decide. If you will excuse me a moment, I'll get you a bottle to sample, and if it meets with your approval, I'll enter it."

A few seconds later, Phil emerged from the adjoining room, bearing a glass tumbler and a plain, corked bottle of green glass.

"I would keep you company, sir, except that I have had so much since my discovery that it doesn't appeal to me at present. Smells like the real stuff,

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doesn't it? I just mixed it this afternoon, so no alcohol can have formed since, and I strongly doubt if it is possible for any to be generated after mixing, anyway.

"It is most refreshing, Mr. Ainsworth, and though I have of course, never tasted any liquor, yet I should imagine that the two would be very much alike. Yes, thank you, I will take another glass. These hot days make me unusually thirsty."

"A word about the ingredients, Mr. Morris. I have here attempted to appease a drunkard of every type by mixing a number of liquids that resemble different intoxicants. Perhaps you notice a flat taste and a chest-warming sensation; that is derived from one of the constituents which strongly resembles Gordon's New York gin. If you drink down the whole glass rapidly, you will notice this effect. That's it; you get it, don't you? Now, won't you have another glass? There's plenty more where that came from, so don't be bashful. Ah, you do me a great favor as I can now continue my demonstration. Do you notice the red color and the clearness when you hold the glass to the light? Those are due to two of the other liquids making up the mixture, one of which is a fine imitation of sherry, and the other of straight Scotch whiskey. The burning you feel in your throat is due to the latter."

"Now you mention it, Mr. Ainsworth, I do notice all those characteristics of the beverage," said the man, his usually florid face turning to a hue giving him a most apoplectic appearance as he ingurgitated the dregs of his third glass. "The drink ish mosht delightful. Another glass would be welcome."

Phil now no longer concealed his mirth, but laughed out loud as he poured out some more of the red liquid for his visitor. He waited for the new glass to be well consumed before he ventured his master stroke.

"By the way, Mr. Morris, do you happen to know a young chap by the name of Upton, Billy Upton?"

"Heh? Billy Upton. Why surely, Billy Upton'sh a shingularly nish fellow. He'sh my grandson, Billy Upton ish, hm, hm, I mean he'sh going to marry my daughter."

Phil glanced hurriedly at his watch.

"Ten-thirty-five," he murmured, "he ought to be here any time. Late already."

Then, in a louder voice, he resumed: "He is a nice fellow, I'll admit, Mr. Morris. And,—" he paused to listen,—"since you are so fond of him, and as I hear his footsteps coming up the stairs, I think I'll allow him to escort you home and spend the evening with you."

He stepped to the door, threw it open, and then went out to see Billy, closing it behind him.

"Hello, son. I guess you needn't worry about your engagement any more.

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Pop Morris is here calling on me, and I'm going to let you spend the rest of the evening with him and see him safely home."

"You want me to spend the evening with *him*? Why, man, I thought I made it clear to you that he saw me stewed last night."

"So he did. But, Billy, if you do as I tell you you'll have enough on him to last you forever. Suit yourself."

EDWARD PAYSON CRANE, '22.

She Stoops to Conquer

"TELL you I shan't!" and with a toss of her dark head, Marjorie Dean ran from the room, slamming the door and leaving her exact counterpart, the picture of despair, standing in the middle of the floor. Alice Dean, generally of a rather mild nature, was thoroughly angry now.

"Why is she always so obstinate? It wouldn't hurt her a bit to meet him! She just wants to be contrary"—and she stamped her foot. "I wonder where she is going now? Probably out in her old canoe, or prowling around in the woods! Ugh! She makes me tired! It wouldn't be so bad if I hadn't promised Jim that she would meet him! And he's so nice, I'd hate to disappoint him! Oh! dear!" Going to the window, she stood for a moment watching her sister hurrying toward the river.

Marjorie, having left the house, turned down the path through the garden, which led to the river. Pushing out from the landing, she vented her feelings in swift, hard strokes of the paddle.

"Why doesn't Al leave me alone? Just because she made a man fall in love with her when she was already engaged is no reason why he should be handed down to me! Probably an old bore, anyway!"

As the canoe glided slowly between the banks, she stopped paddling to enjoy the surroundings. On one side rose high cliffs, thickly wooded. On the other waved tall trees, through which the main road ran to the city. The whole scene was wild, and Marjorie, reclining easily in her light craft, looked, in her white dress, like some stray blossom, floating along the stream.

Again her mind came back to the same subject. "I won't meet her silly bore! I'll just disappear tomorrow night and they won't be able to find me till he's gone! I don't care, I think she's mean to make me take care of her strange young men! She knows I hate to talk to them!"

Just then there came faintly to her ears the rumble of the falls some distance ahead. She decided to go and look over the old mill on the rapids, and perhaps she would see Mike, prowling around. The mill had been shut down some time before, and was now watched over by Mike, a friendly old Irishman.

As she rounded the bend above the falls, she noticed that something seemed wrong—it didn't look quite the same. Then, with a start, she dropped her paddle, as she realized that the plank above the falls was gone, and that she would go

over. Quickly grasping the situation as she saw her paddle go into the swifter current and then slide over the rocks, she threw herself from the canoe, and started, with her strong, young arms for shore. Steadily the current pulled her toward the cruel rocks. Then, when she had almost given up hope, she heard a shout above her, and the end of a rope fell near her. With a mighty effort she seized it, and felt herself drawn to safety,——then everything went black.

Awakening from a dream of a rushing, whirling black thing with red, fiery eyes, which repeatedly picked her up and flung her onto pointed rocks, Marjorie opened her eyes upon a bed of blazing coals. Dazed for a moment only, she suddenly remembered, sat up, and looked around. The room was a small, low one, the corners and windows draped in cobwebs. She was on a low cot, pulled up to a stove whose intense heat was rapidly drying her wet garments. Directly opposite, sat a young man, gazing at her with a rather quizzical look in his grey eyes. Suddenly becoming conscious of him, Marjorie blushed and exclaimed, "How did I get here? Who are you?" Then, as he arose, she stood up and began to braid her tumbled hair, which was still damp.

The young man bowed politely and explained, "You had a slight accident and I was of some assistance." Then he turned on his heel and left the room.

Marjorie regarded him with astonishment, exclaiming, "Well I never! He must have been the one who hauled me up! I wonder who he is."

Just then the object of her reflections returned, bringing a cup of some steaming liquid.

"The watchman seems to have gone for his supper," he remarked. "This is all I could find for rations. You'd better drink it, tho'."

"Why, thank you! I don't mind Mike's coffee—much!"—and she smiled engagingly. "Tell me how you happened to be here just on time! I thought no one ever came out to this forsaken old place!"

Then he told her that he had arrived at the mill in his car, just as she threw herself from the canoe.

"Rather a startling sight," he exclaimed. "I picked up a rope, which luckily was lying near, and threw it to you. That's all. It really wasn't so much!"

"Well, I'm awfully glad you were there. I shouldn't have been here, if you hadn't! But tell me, what were you here for, anyway?"

Just then a large figure loomed in the doorway and a loud voice exclaimed, "Wal, ef it ain't Miss Marj! Howdy! Oi thot as how Oi had crooks in me mill," and the burly Irishman extended his hand.

"Hullo, Mike. I'm in trouble again, you see. I would have gone over the falls if this gentleman hadn't been kind enough to save me. Mike, I'd like you to meet Mr.——Mr. ——," and she floundered helplessly.

"Brown!" said the young man hastily.

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All of a sudden the Irishman was seized with a fit of coughing which lasted some moments. When he turned around again he said, "Ye'd bether be gettin' back, Miss Marjorie. It's gettin' dark. Misther Brown, ye moight take her home in yer car!"

"Certainly, I was just about to offer it," replied the young man.

"Oh thank you! I hate to trouble you any more, but I'm afraid I'll have to because my canoe is gone. Good-by, Mike. I'll come and see you again when I get a new canoe! Good-by!"—and the small car was swallowed in the gathering dusk.

Mike, standing with his hands thrust deeply in his pockets, guffawed loudly.

"Uv all the thricks. Now why didn't he want her to know his name? The rapscaillon! Tellin' her Oi'd gone for me supper. 'Shud think she'd o' suspected. But thin, she was that flabbergasted, she didn't aven know his name. Ha! Ha! Some little cupid! Ho! Ho!" and he laughed again. "Wonder how he happened to come out here. Sid his Dad sent him to see if Oi was looking after the mill. Huh!"

Throughout the ride home Marjorie endeavored to discover something about her benefactor, but learned nothing beyond the fact that he had been about to look the mill over. After he had left her at her home, she continued to speculate upon who he could be. Accustomed to having young men show great interest in her, she was rather provoked at his casual indifference.

"Must be a stranger here! Why, he didn't even ask to call! Oh well! I don't care," shrugging her shoulders.

The next morning, Marjorie, to her relief, learned from her sister that Mr. Colby could not come that evening.

Alice, opening her morning mail, laughed to herself as she read a short note written in a masculine hand:

"Say, Alice, you have *some* sister. I suppose she's told you how a nice young man hauled her out of the water. That fitted into our scheme great, although unexpected. I treated her cold, as you said to, but it was hard! Mike was a good sport about calling me Brown! Telephone and tell me whether it's too soon to call tonight!

JIM."

"This is going to be fun," exclaimed Alice merrily. "I'll get even with her! I'm glad he came here first!"

Some days later Jim made his first appearance at the Dean house and was introduced to Alice and the rest of the family as Mr. Brown.

Marjorie was curious. During the intervening days she had puzzled over

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his extreme indifference and laid it down to the fact that she must have looked considerably mussed after her harrowing experience.

As the days sped by, Marjorie became more interested in Mr. Brown; gradually a warm friendship, under the guidance of Alice, grew up between them. Once Marjorie remarked to Alice, "What became of your old Mr. Colby? Glad he didn't come around." Then, at the strange expression on her sister's face, she changed the subject. "What is there that is so different about Jim Brown from other men? He's the only one I've ever cared to talk to! It must be because he has sense enough not to make love!" Alice laughed inwardly.

One evening, three months later, Jim, realizing that he was becoming too deeply involved under his assumed name, decided to make a clean breast of it to Marjorie. Leading her out into the fragrant garden, they strolled among the trees.

After one or two vain attempts to break into her chatter, he cleared his throat nervously and began,

"Marjorie, I have something to tell you."

"Wait a minute, I have a stone in my shoe!" and she sat down on a stone bench to adjust a dainty slipper more comfortably.

Jim turned away and patiently lit a cigarette.

As she stood up beside him again, he suddenly said, "I don't know how to say it, but, you see, well, my name isn't Brown!" and he threw away the cigarette.

"Not Brown? Why then it must be Colby! Pleased to meet you, sir," said the girl, making a deep curtsy. The light from the moon showed him her laughing face, upturned to him with a teasing light in her eyes.

"What the—How in the——" he stammered inarticulately.

"Well you see," she explained, "Al may be a good schemer, but she doesn't seem to know much about the black art of secrecy!"

"What do you mean?" he questioned.

"She leaves all her notes on her table," laughed Marjorie, "and I often read them. That's a twin's privilege. Maybe it isn't nice, but you see I noticed my name mentioned. I read up your little scheme, and, admiring your ingenuity, remained silent to await developments."

"Do you mean to say that you have known my name all the time?" he demanded.

She nodded.

"And you aren't angry?"—eagerly.

"Well, I was at first, but if——" and the moon disappeared behind a cloud.

ADELINE BADGER, '23.

The Happy Isles Are Calling

By ROBERT DONALDSON DARRELL

The lights are bright and mirth runs high and flowers fill the room,
And glaring splendor vies with dim accentuated gloom.

The servants bow, the dancers swirl, all life is at its height;
But my soul is with my islands gleaming silver in the night.

My heart is with my vagrant friends across the weary miles,
My being is a-longing for my distant happy isles.

And I feel the urge of roaming, I know the old desire,
My soul flames up in splendor in the ever-present fire;

For the city with its whitewash, its fetid, feverish air,
Smothers my soul and weighs my heart with sickness and with care.

I think of those dear islands in a phosphorescent sea
And a nameless mighty longing fills heart and soul of me.

My islands in the moonlight cast their lovely languid smiles
Across the half a hemisphere and all the outstretched miles;

And my islands sweetly smiling, the gleaming star-lit sea,
The soft night winds, the mighty urge, the longing to be free,

All vibrate in the same great tune; I long, long to be gone,
For a city dweller wants his isles when the old, old spell is on.

The spell of longing and the glamor of the night and sky
Draw me back unto my roaming. The islands call, and I—

I send my soul a-flying over all the outstretched miles
Where floating opalescent in the star dusk dream my isles.

As meteors shoot across the sky and in fiery glory fall
My soul swoops swiftly homeward, for my Happy Islands call.

A Not-So Story

(With Apologies to Kipling)

ONCE, long ago, in the Mesozoic Era, Oh Most Beautiful, when the world was so new that none of the paint had come off, there lived a great many ugly animals that you don't see now-a-days, except in a sketchy sort of way in museums. There was the Diplodocus, the Triceratops, and now and then Paterodactyl, but most uncompanionable of all was the Dinosaur.

Now the Dinosaur lived in great state, with his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts, and all the rest of them, at the foot of Blanc Mange—no, I mean Mont Blanc, where there was a nice, damp, carboniferous swamp. Old Patch, for that was our friend's name, was a really fine specimen. He weighed a fearful number of tons, was seventy feet from start to finish, and had a head so small that you couldn't decide, in a hurry, which was which end. He had only one disadvantage; there wasn't much room for brains, but he couldn't be expected to be both beautiful and wise. He ate nice, squishy green leaves and things, and went swimming in the swamp, and enjoyed himself most excellently.

Now, about this time, a little further down Europe, things were very hot, and food was getting scarce. So some of the original inhabitants decided to move out. And who should these inhabitants be but the Ancestors of Man! You probably wouldn't have liked to admit it, for their manners were dreadful, and they weren't at all pretty, but there were things about them that were quite unmistakably human. Yes, indeed! For one thing, they were particular about their meals being served on time. So, when there was nothing left to eat, but a few crabs, and they pinched horribly, the Ancestors of Man went north and travelled for days and days, till they came to the very swamp where Old Patch lived. There they decided to spend the summer. And this is where the real story begins.

The first time an Ancestor saw a Dinosaur, he liked him immensely, and even more when he had him for supper. So, as the whole tribe hated work, they found it a fine arrangement to go out once a week and bring home a Dinosaur (the poor things didn't understand a bit), and just one was enough to keep them all fat and happy till the next Monday.

However, Old Patch soon found out that something was the matter, when so many of his relations got lost. He thought till the shivers went up and down his spine (five minutes the round trip, 140 feet), but he couldn't find the reason

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for it, nor any way of improving things. He only managed to make himself a perfect bother by saying, all the time, in his high voice, "Oh dear, ain't it fierce! Oh dear, ain't it awful!" even when his mouth was full.

At last, a Pterodactyl, the leathery-winged kind, was sorry for him, and told him that if he would go farther up into the highlands he would probably find the Carver of Rocks, who had been there since the very beginning, and would know what was to be done.

Old Patch hated like everything to leave his Carboniferous Swamp, but he started out, lumbering along most ungracefully, till he came to the highlands. There he found Granit, the Carver of Rocks, making designs on the side of a mountain. (I won't try to describe him, because I never saw him myself). Granit paid no attention to the Dinosaur, and kept right on with his work.

Old Patch broke the silence. "What do you do when all your relatives disappear?"

"They don't," said the Carver.

"But mine do," said the Dinosaur, beginning to weep.

"I know it," answered the Carver.

"What shall I do about it?" sniffed Old Patch.

"You can't do anything, old stupid. But I can. You must be made less conspicuous."

The Dinosaur didn't understand in the least, but he wiped his eyes said and, "Will it hurt?"

"I don't think so. Come here."

Old Patch came here, and what did the Carver of Rocks do but pick up his chisel and hammer, and begin chipping bits off the Dinosaur's back!

"Look out, you are spoiling my shape!" cried the creature, shivering in great ripples.

"Keep still and shut up!" growled the Carver, "you will make my chisel slip." And he hammered harder than ever.

Old Patch was very solid, and it took a whole day to trim him off, but when it was done, and, turning his head, he looked backward down himself, he saw that all the hump had been taken from his back, and that the distance from his beginning to his end was as short as possible. The chisel had made little round marks all the way down, and the result was quite individual.

The Dinosaur was very pleased, and said so a great many times before he went home. What there was left of his family was pleased, too, and it didn't take them very long to have the same thing done to them. Then they could all lie flat along the top of the swamp, and look like a cement sidewalk instead of a chart of the rise and fall of New England temperature.

The Ancestors of Man, however were wise. They soon found that they

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could still have Dinosaur steak for dinner if they chased the creatures out onto the land, where they were too heavy for speed. It took Old Patch several months to realize this, and by that time there were only ten of his family left. So he hustled them all off along the hot, dry, road to the Carver of Rocks.

They had a hard time finding the Carver, because he was busy digging a limestone cave, but when he did appear, they found he knew all about their trouble already. He simply said, "We must get rid of your surplus avoir-dupois."

This time the job was a lot harder. But Granit went very slowly and was doing finely, had almost finished trimming Old Patch, in fact, when he bit his tongue, and let his chisel slip, and to his horror, chopped off the Head Dinosaur's front left leg!

"Ow! I'm ruined!" howled Old Patch, gazing with streaming eyes at his poor leg. "I don't want to be a tricycle!" That is all he knew about derivation.

The Carver of Rocks was puzzled. "We must make you match, at all costs," he said, and promptly cut off the other three legs! There was Old Patch, no longer a Dinosaur, but a Dino serpent!

It took him a while to get used to the change, but when he found he could curl and wriggle, actions he had never dreamed of before, he persuaded his ten relatives to be treated the same way.

Soon eleven Dinoserpents, all shining new, crawled back to live in peace and safety in their Carboniferous Swamp. They spent their time practicing stunts till they were the first original circus, and then they amused themselves by being rude to the Ancestors of Man, who have hated them ever since.

* * * * *

Later, when the glacier made things too cold to be comfortable, all the Dinoserpents migrated to South Africa, where I believe they are to this day. They are a great, deal wiser because their brains are in a much larger proportion to their bodies, but they still have the chisel marks of the Carver of Rocks in designs down their scaly backs. They aren't called Dinoserpents any longer. Perhaps they are Boa Constrictors. I wouldn't inquire too closely into the matter if I were you.

MARJORIE I. SCOTT, '22.

Sinhab, Sinhabjah and the Prayer Wheel

CHARLES J. MURPHY

YOU know, in India they have many queer contraptions possessing spiritual significance to the natives but which, when viewed by a foreigner, only seem to him to be caricatures of Indian religion. One of these contraptions is the prayer-wheel. You probably have heard about them. They are very elaborate wheels common to almost every Indian family as the Bible is to Christian families. Sometimes, if the owner is rich enough, they are profusely carved, and engraved with precious stones, the exterior form depending upon the financial condition of the owner. But, regardless of the exterior of the wheel, one revolution equals but one prayer, either on the wheel of the poorest man or on that of the richest man. But the quality of the prayer depends upon the exterior, of course. (This is native argument.) Usually, these wheels are turned by those who desire to address the Almighty personally, but sometimes those who have sufficient money hire servants especially for the purpose of revolving the prayer-wheel. A rich man might hire three servants for about six cents a day, each to turn a wheel. Now a wheel, when turned by a hired prayer-wheel revolver, usually possesses a minimum output of 3.5 prayers per minute, or 210 prayers per hour per servant, or 2100 prayers per day of 10 working hours per servant. Thus a man who possesses 3 servants employed for the above purpose usually can expect a minimum output of 6300 prayers per day, quite a comfortable surplus. Of course, these professional prayer-extractors do not experience the religious exaltation felt by those who turn the wheel for personal spiritual benefit, for after one has extracted several million prayers from the ether by revolving his wheel, his profession becomes quite sordid and he becomes quite lazy.

In Swarjah, a town on the eastern coast of India, Sinhab Sinhabjah, a royal prayer-wheel accelerator, eked out a living by revolving the royal prayer-wheel of his royal master. Unhappily, Sinhab had fallen into the pernicious ways of all professional prayer-wheel accelerators. He was too materialistic to appreciate the spiritual benefits accruing to the movement of the wheel and even carried his indifference to such an excess that he sought to devise means whereby he might be relieved from participating in the evolution of prayer. His employer was aware of the lazy proclivities of his servant and knowing that his chances

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for future immortality, depended upon the prayer output per kilowatt hours of existence, he kept his eye on him, and catching him loafing would severely reprimand him. Sinhabjah would groan and then resume his work, inwardly commenting caustically upon the avarice of certain people. But all the time he was thinking and trying to devise a scheme whereby he might alleviate his task. Many schemes his mind evolved and many schemes he tried with negative success. One, which for a time promised well, ended disastrously. He had connected up a donkey with his wheel and succeeded in obtaining the high efficiency of 88% (prayers evolved per mule-power put forth.) But, unfortunately, the donkey, evidently professing a different religion, was not in concord with the Indian conception of the evolution of prayer and rushed off, demolishing the prayer-extractor. Sinhabjah was again reprimanded and compelled to supply his master 2,876.5 prayers, gratis, in compensation for the destruction of the wheel.

But even then Sinhabjah did not give up hope. He continued his experiments, secretly, for he hated to endure the ridicule of his fellow wheel-turners. One day, when he fell into the river which ran behind his employer's house and was almost carried away by the current, a wonderful idea occurred to him. "Why not utilize the current for his purpose? As soon as he reached shore he hurried home and hastily constructed a miniature prayer-wheel, attaching rude paddles to it. With bated breath and trembling hand he lowered his creation into the current. It moved! It moved! Think of it, no more work for Sinhab Sinhabjah! But with discovery there came fear. He turned around cautiously and looked in all directions. Ah, there was no one watching him. His invention was safe. He went home, hiding the renovated prayer-wheel under his dress. That night, when all were asleep, he carried his prayer-wheel down to the stream, lowered it into the water and counted the number of revolutions it made. Imagine his surprise to perceive that it turned at least 23 times as fast as when turned by hand. "Why, one wheel can now take the place of 23 men. A man with two wheels would be assured of two or three eternities!" He reverently carried the wheel home and, while thinking, unconsciously continued to revolve it.

How was he to obtain the maximum benefits from his invention?

The next morning he approached his master in a haughty manner.

"Master," he said, "you are looking at a servant of Buddha, the Most Great. Last night when I was asleep there appeared to me in a dream, Buddha, herself. 'Awake,' she cried, 'for you are to perform my work on the earth. I am dissatisfied with the manner in which you people of the earth are worshipping your God. Your prayer-wheels do not turn fast enough, the men are too lazy. Therefore, I detail you as my earthly representative, to aid in the exaltation of Buddha, and to increase the number of prayers wafted up to her.' Saying this

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she handed me a little machine which I have in my room. 'All to whom you give this machine will be with me in Paradise, but whoever uses machines made by other than your own hands will be damned forever. But you will need money, and so I will bless doubly those who pay the most.' Saying this she departed."

His master looked at him, as though he disbelieved and was about to laugh at his simple servant. However, he said, "All right, Sinhab, show me this machine." So Sinhab returned to his room and brought back the little model which he had constructed.

"But how is this thing to work? Did Buddha tell you?"

"Oh yes. She said that it was to be placed in running water and the wheels will revolve of their own accord."

"Well, bring it down to the river here and see if it works." They went down to the river and Sinhab lowered the little creation into the water.

"Why," exclaimed the master, "it actually moves! See how fast it revolves! So fast you can hardly count it! Then you are a servant of Buddha!" And he fell down and began to adore Sinhab.

"Yes, I am the sanctioned representative of Buddha. Arise now, master, and I shall build you a large prayer-wheel as Buddha has revealed to me."

"Yes, build me a big wheel, oh mighty Sinhab, that I may be assured of immortality."

Sinhab built for his master a mighty wheel, engraved with much gold. When it was lowered into the water it revolved with great rapidity and evolved many prayers. People came around to see the strange creation of Buddha, and marvelled at its prayer-producing capacity.

"But I must have much gold," cried Sinhab.

"You shall have it," responded his master and he ordered that Sinhab, as the servant of Buddha, should have 6 weights of gold.

The story of the wheel spread, and the fame of Sinhab increased proportionally. Many, keeping an eye upon eternal happiness, bought wheels from Sinhab at fabulous prices. His wealth increased, as was befitting that the representative of Buddha should. A man, in the adjacent village, plagiarized Sinhab's prayer-wheel and also claimed to be divinely inspired. But he soon expired (commercially) as the people bought of Sinhab exclusively because of precedent. Natives came from the country for hundreds of miles around to buy the prayer-wheels. The banks of the river were lined on both sides with the machines. (Sinhab had previously bought up the best sites at very low prices and then, introducing his creation, sold the land at very high prices.)

"It certainly is a paying business to be a representative of Buddha," he commented laughingly to himself.

Affairs continued in this manner for about 30 years, Sinhab then being about

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55 years old. He now had five workmen constructing his Buddha prayer-wheels and he was crowded with orders. (He always arranged the wheels so that they broke down about every week, explaining the accidents as being caused by the intervention of Buddha when the machine was not producing at capacity). He had grown to be a mighty man.

British commercial interests entered into the region now dominated by the Sinhab's prayer-wheel monopoly, and attempted to gain control of the waterways for electrical purposes. Sinhab recognized the danger. If they diverted the current of the river, there would be no water to turn the prayer-wheels and without water he could sell no more wheels. What could he do? He interviewed the head of the British representatives and declared, that, if they attempted to use the water for their machinery the prayer-wheels of the natives would be deprived of their means of locomotion and a religious war might result. (Clever Sinhab.)

"Oh, so that's what's bothering you, is it?" asked the former. "Don't worry about that. We'll use your water, all right, but we can turn your prayer-wheels so damn fast that the angels in the accounting department will have to use adding machines to tabulate the prayers. Don't worry about that part. You come in here tomorrow, and I'll show you how it's done."

Sinhab Sinhabjah returned the next day and saw that the British engineers had built a dam-like structure at the bottom of the high waterfall. "Come here," requested the engineer with whom he had spoken on the previous day. He showed Sinhab a little motor which was connected with a rudely constructed prayer-wheel. "Now," continued the engineer, "when the water, falling from a great height, strikes the big wheels which we have out there, it turns them rapidly, and turns the dynamo which is connected with it, which turns this little motor (indicating the motor at his feet). Watch when I close this switch." He closed the switch and the motor began to revolve with great speed, turning the prayer-wheel many times faster than when turned by water-power.

"The prayer-wheel, when connected with this motor, has a mean output of 2500 prayers per minute. This is a minimum capacity. With a small wheel you might expect about 857,986.8756 prayers per kilowatt-day. That ought to satisfy you. I'll give you free current to run your motors for 25 years and I'll give you 50 motors free if you'll only prevent any trouble arising here, and let us use the water. What's more, I'll sell you a larger motor which has a minimum capacity of 93,565 prayers per minute.

"All right, I'll agree," assented Sinhab, "but you better not explain to any one else how the prayer-wheels are turned because it might cause trouble. Be sure and don't tell any one you see, the natives might get mad if they learned that they were stung."

The engineer agreed, and the motors were delivered to Sinhab in three weeks.

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Wires were conducted to his home, and the motor attached to his prayer-wheel. The results were marvellous. The prayer-wheel turned so fast that it burst and blew out the side of the house, carrying off three natives who were praying beside it."

"So much the better," thought Sinhab; "that means stronger and more elaborate wheels, which mean higher prices."

He made a stronger wheel and this time called upon the people to witness the experiment. They, too, marvelled at the wondrous rapidity of the wheel and enviously considered the prayer-output capacity of the machine.

Slowly, one by one, Sinhab auctioned the motors off, reaping handsome rewards. In the bidding for the last motor there were three murders. Finally, the last one was sold, but there remained about 10,000 natives who wanted to get one, either by hook or by crook.

Sinhab felt the public pulse and, sure of the demand, made a contract with the British company for 1000 motors, the company to make all electrical connections with the prayer-wheels. They were delivered and Sinhab disposed of them, reaping a great financial reward. He continued his policy, became a power in the land, and doubtless eventually went to Nirvana.

The End.



NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

Measure Your Mind—Psychology Test

(Guaranteed Strictly Fresh)

ROBERT DARRELL *alias* DONALDSON

THIS has been made possible by our new system of marking a psychology test by logarithms, slide rules (warranted non-skid), and a Greek dictionary.

We can detect one millionth of 1% of a dyne of brain power. So we can measure even your mind. Try it out on your teacher.

Note: This test was perfected by the psychology experts of the Klapp Klub. Petition filed for copyright with Chairman Goofis of the Congressional committee for the prevention of cruelty to dumb school children. Public performance permitted.

Directions to examiner: Shake well before using. After the test stand in a cool damp place, preferably a cellar.

Note: Seniors, Lower Classmen, Freshmen, children, dogs, teachers, and Gorden Jenkins may take this test under Marquis of Queensbury rules; no headlocks or rolling falls allowed.

Directions to examinee: Fill out the following:

Name: (middle name first, followed by alias).

Number of years at High School: (State also previous length of servitude.)

Address: (If girl with bobbed hair give telephone number also.)

Mark the year you expect to graduate: 1928, '29, '30. (Be optimistic.)

College intentions or other detentions: Sing Sing, Charlestown State, Tammany Hall Prep School, Waverly, Danvers, Raymond's. (Examinations are held in June, January, February, March, April, May, etc. The fee is a small fine and costs.)

Lend your Ingersoll to the teacher to time these tests with. No school clocks, Egyptian sundials, or other ancient methods of telling time are allowed. Watch your watch! We are not responsible for patients left over thirty days in a comatose condition. Get a receipt for your check and a slap for your cheek from the cashier on the way out.

To help the animals and Freshmen to attain a psychological frame of mind the High School Orchestra or any Boiler Factory Quartette will render the fol-

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lowing selections limb from limb: Funeral March, Chopin; Funeral March, Cohen; Funeral March, Berlin. If desired, the following may be also mutilated: Report Card Blues, Allofus; Take it Away, Examinees; Dusting Blues, Jerry; Rogues March, Beethoven.

The test follows herewith:

A. Literature: Name one book by each of the following authors: Douglas Fairbanks, Woodyard Kindling, Neal O'Hara, and Jesse Pomeroy.

Who wrote: "Stealthy Steve," "Hard Marks I have known," "How to study in a Study Period," "50,000 Hooch recipes," "Muzzey's History of the United States."

Complete the following proverbs: "No beer no——." "An extravagant son maketh a——father." "All is not Hooch that is sold by——."

Give a list of the Movies you went to see last year: (Note, fill this question out on the extra-large roll of wrapping paper furnished to each candidate.) Write a short essay, 30,000 words, on the history of the Hollywood colony according to the Telegram, Advertiser, and Boston American. (Note: Write on three sides of the paper, you'll need them all. A most natural effect will be secured by using red ink.)

B. Grammar: What is wrong with these sentences?

We are studying Nichol's Easy German Reader. The lunch-room menus are scientifically calculated to give the highest possible number of calories. I passed all my tests.

C. History: Give the date of the battle of Bemis Heights. John C. Breckinbridge graduated from Centre College; state what position he played on the football team and how many games they won that year. Copy Bassett's Short History of the United States into your note book if you wish to pass this test.

D. Languages: Yiddish and Sanscrit: Translate a five-minute lecture by the Rt. Hon. Joseph Emory Clapp, Jr., President of the Klapp Klub.

Profane: Write a short essay in this language on your idea of the new marking system.

E. Mathematics and Physics: 1. What is the amount of lifting motion derived from the conjunction of a thumb tack a half an inch long and a 135 lb. boy floating downwards with a momentum 500,000 joules?

F. Color Tests: Tell the difference between a blue card and a library permit.

Tell the difference between a yellow slip and a quarantine flag.

G. (Sound and Hearing.) Can you hear the bell at 8:25? Can you hear the bell at 1:50? How many times did you miss the no-school bell this winter?

H. Judgment: Check the right answer.

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If your flivver collapsed on the way to school and a vision in a Packard stopped and asked if she could help, would you: ask her to give you a lift to school, to get a garage assistant, to give you her telephone number, to hurry on and not bother you?

If you were a teacher and had just used up a bottle of red ink trying to correct Ikey Takeiteasy's theme when Ikey's mother rushed in and demanded why Ikey didn't get A, would you change the mark to A at once, tell her that you'd try to help poor hard-working Ikey to raise his mark, read her the best theme in the class and tell her Ikey wrote it, throw Ikey's real theme in her face and resign?

The Lesson Bluffer

ARE you of the studious type of individual represented by those who daily prepare their lessons? If so, you will now be punished for this trait by being utterly ignored in these paragraphs. It is with you loafers that I wish to be concerned at present. In my opinion you must belong to one of two classes; it may be that you are absolutely without ambition or so utterly discouraged that you do not especially care what results you obtain. If so, you are to be pitied. Or, it may be that your one affliction is extreme laziness, and that though you are desirous of achieving good results, yet you refuse to work for them. If so, you are probably a bluffer.

To be an accomplished bluffer, you should at least have a remote knowledge of your subject. Don't ever attempt to give a recitation upon something concerning which you do not even know the rudiments; for though you may by a process of elimination guess one or two points tending toward a reasonable answer, yet you will inevitably be drawn by some shrewd teacher into hopelessly deep water. Above all things, do not rely on whispered support from your neighbor, for if he speaks plainly other ears than those intended may hear; if, on the other hand, he mumbles forth some information, you are liable to misinterpret his words. For instance, if you are asked what Pisa is noted for, and if you do not understand the inarticulate "leaning tower" of your neighbor, it is far better to sit down with an "I don't know," than to announce in an intelligent way, "Linen towels."

Before closing, I wish to make plain the fact that I do not care to encourage bluffing in any way. The friendly advice herein stated is for the benefit of those most pitiful characters who are so confirmed that they cannot deviate from the course of the inveterate bluffer. For those who are seriously considering being initiated into the most inclusive society of "Bluffers," I can offer no better advice than to heed these words of the immortal Lincoln,—that you "may fool some of the people all of the time and you may fool all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

By the CLASS BLUFFER.



SMILE PLEASE



BUNNY



THE SHORT AND LONG OF IT



MARGE, CAROL & JULIA



MAJOR SPORTS MANAGERS



JACK

How Come!

ONE morning, in the little town of (Weymouth), I was awakened from my sleep by the (Blair) of a nearby (Cannon). Jumping up and lighting one of my (Butts) I searched the "En-(Leitner)," the town paper, to ascertain the cause. I found that it was to announce the (Valentine) day (Hunt).

"Oh, (Heckman)," I said to my (Friend), who was reading "A (Taylor) two Cities," "let's not (Pratt) around here!"

"I'm (Willing)," said he, "it's (Fairweather), shall we hunt?"

"'O. K.' and not a(Nutter) word out of you till we get going!" I replied.

As we went up over the (Hill) by all the (White) (Holmes) I saw my old friend and school-mate (Colburn), who was now a (Stafford)'s ink salesman, coming along, (Bowen) and (Crane)ing his neck. The following was our conversation:

"(Spencer) darn long since I've seen you, I'll (Grant) that I (Hardy) knew you," said he.

(Noticing that his right ear was gone, I inquired the cause.)

"Well one cold morning my ear got (Frost)bitten and it (Dunlop) right off. (Hatch)oo!! It (Broughton) a (Rich) (Cole) that makes me (Bray) like this all the time."

"(Huss) your wife?"

"Fine, say that makes me think, she will (Salinger) me if I don't go right home now."

"Ha, Ha, you fill me full of (Gleason), you can be(Guiler) some way. Come on? We have two (Quartz) that ought to (Brace) you up."

"What are they going to hunt today?"

"(O'Hara) (Badger) or something like that," I replied, stooping to pick up a (Brown) and (Greenleaf) to (Wear) in my buttonhole, (Bartlett) me tell you, I hate to see animals killed since I (Sawyer) dog (Drowne)."

"(Schipper)hoy?" he cried, on hearing the (Clapp) of the bells in the (Chappal) (Tower). "What a (Noyes)."

"D(Onthank) me for it, it would be (Bliss) to have it cease, and every one (Knox) the selectmen about it."

Being (Abbott) twelve o'(Clark) and this dum(B rackett) having spoiled

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

our (Daly) walk, we went home. Tossing my (Curley) (Wiggin) the corner, I threw myself into a chair and fell asleep.

I dreamt that I had a little IV-D (Carr) and was (Pedley)ing (Hammond) eggs through the country. A (Noble) occupation! Not being familiar with the roads I cried “(Stopford)!” and asked a lady the best way to (Hamilton). She did not hear, so I asked her small son (Henry) to (Tapper) on the shoulder and I then repeated my question.

“Turn to the right at the (Cross)-roads by (Duffield) and that (Leeds) you right to it.”

After thanking her and (Patten) the boy on the head, I was about to jump into the car when some one clutched my arm. I woke with a start—’twas my wife. She said, “You ought to have (Morse)ense than to sleep in the middle of the day. Go (Dow)n to the store and get me some (Meilman).” As I slowly departed she called after me,—“Don’t hurry too much and get all (Tucker)ed out.”

Going to the garage I got out (Martin)-Lizzie and set out for town. The (Robbins) were singing in the trees, the car was hitting on all four, in fact everything was going along smoothly when—BANG! I had punctured a tire on a (Varney) oil-can! Remembering that there were (Tougas) stations just around the (Conner), and that one of them carried tires, I pushed the machine to it and put on a new tire. Speeding along again, I soon drew near the town and, shooting across (Darrell)road tracks just in front of a train, I stopped in front of the general store. After getting the meal, I remembered that (McCaul)lers were most all worn out, so I bought some and then I stopped and talked a while about the present administration from (Harding)down, with the storekeeper (McDavitt) who was also a home(Brewer).

Then coming out to the car, I turned (McKeon), cranked it and went home to spend another quiet evening.

GEORGE L. PEIRCE, '22.



UNKNOWN



THE PROPHET



TWO OF A KIND



AL



HARD GUYS



BOBBED HEADS

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

Bells

(No apologies.)

We come by bells,
We run by bells,
Bells! Bells! Bells!
We're ruled by bells,
We're fooled by bells,
Bells! Bells! Bells!
We march by bells,
We charge by bells,
Just Bells! Bells! Bells!
We eat by bells,
We seat by bells,
And still those bells ring on.
Sometimes if they would ring in time,
They'd save us many a scrape,
But it's either they're too early
Or else it's they're too late,
And if you want to know it,
It's the Bells! Bells! Bells! I hate.

K. E. McASKILL.

THE 1922 NEWTONIAN

IF WE COULD BE MICE IN THE CORNER

If we could be mice in a corner
In a faculty room some day,
I'm sure we'd have lots of fun
Over what our pedagogues say.
"For Pete's sake!" says Miss Poore.
"Whassa matter?" asks Miss Jeffers.
There ain't no papers to correct,
Now isn't that just heck?"

With a cheerful grin on her face,
Miss Bonney answers, "Gee!
That's nothing to some of the beastly things
That happen to little me!
This noon I put my gum beneath
My dining chair, and, when I went
To get it, ding-dong, 'twar'nt there."

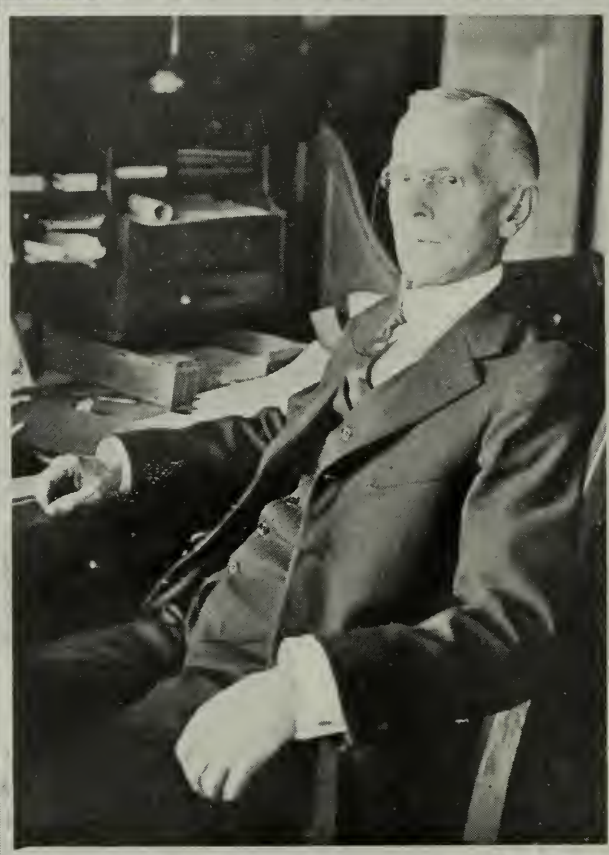
"What gets my goat," says Mr. Thurber,
"Is the way the kids use slang.
If they'd be somewhat original,
I wouldn't give a hang!"
"My dear!" says Mrs. Maynard,
"I'm simply overcome.
I've got a letter from my crush,
But o' course please keep it mum."
"Have you learned the latest dance step?
It's as clever as can be."

Miss S. on theme: "Please write more legibly."
Pupil (next day): "What is that you put on my theme?"

Is this well water?
Does it look sick?



MISS WISE



MR. DAVIS



MISS HACKETT

THE 1922 NEWTONIAN

"Have you seen the new style socks?"

"No. Are they good?"

"Great convenience! They're sewed right into the shoes."

"But how do you change them?"

"You don't—that's the convenience!"

Inscription on the inside cover of a Latin book:

"If ever a flood should happen to come,
You may here to refuge fly,
For if everything else be soaking wet,
This book will still be dry."

(This from our dear Miss Leland).

"It's this way—one, two, three."

Uppers' faults are many,
Freshmen have but two;
Everything they say,
And everything they do.

QUICKER, TOO

Some folks ride to school on the car;
Some on the railroad train;
Some folks use their own two legs,
But they get there just the same.

FRESH ENOUGH

There was a butcher named Young,
Who, one day when his nerves were unstrung,
Pushed his wife's mother, unseen,
Through a chopping machine,
Then packed her, and labeled her, "Tongue."



JUDGE. WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS ?

PRISONER AH JIST CIRCULATES 'ROUND

JUDGE PUT DOWN ONE COFFERHEAD OUT OF CIRCULATION FOR THIRTY DAYS!



SHE. DID YOU KNOW THAT FATHER BOUGHT A RAPHAEL IN ITALY?

HE IS IT A ROADSTER OR A SEDAN ?



SHE. I HEAR YOU ARE FOND OF DOGS

HE I AM, VERY.

SHE: WHERE ARE YOUR KENNELS ?

HE. WHATS THAT ?

SHE WHERE DO YOU KEEP THEM ?

HE OH, ON ICE, OF COURSE !

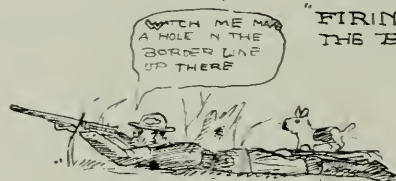


BARBER DO YOU WANT ME TO BANG HIS HAIR ?

MOTHER DO YOU WANT ME TO SLAP YOUR FACE ?

NEWS ITEM

"FIRING ON THE BORDER"



HL RICH
22

THE 1922 NEWTONIAN

"Hello, little girl. Want a ride?"

"No, thanks. I'm walking back from one now."

It's called our Mother Tongue because Father doesn't get much chance to use it.

"I'll be through in a minute," cried the ice-cutter as he stepped onto the thin ice.

MAN: "Young fellow, aren't you running amuck?"

YOUNG ONE: "No, sir, a Stutz."

"How do you like Pittsburg?"

"Oh, it soots me."

John has a lovely girl,
Her name is Mary Cutter,
He calls her Oleomargarine
For he hasn't any but her.

E. MACMILLAN, '22.

The average income of a N. H. S. *student*—2 A. M.

Do you wonder she slapped his face? She asked him to spell walk and he said, "From 'w' you go to 'a,' and from 'a' you go to 'l.'" "Slap!-slap!"

Voice (Miss S. has asked for a definition of love):

"Love is a feeling,
A very funny feeling,
A feeling that you never felt before.
It's a feeling that you feel
That you feel you wish to feel,
It's a feeling that you feel for evermore."

KRAZY (at a restaurant lunch): "That's a nice looking chap at the next table. Is he a friend of yours?"

KITTEN: "Yes, indeed."

KRAZY: "Well, I'll ask him to join us."

KITTEN: "Oh, this is so sudden! Don't you know that's our new young minister!"

ADVENTURES OF ELLIOTT SMITH



A WOODED ISLE (AISLE) N'EST-CE-PAS?



L'IL SYNTAX DRILLS (ANSWERS BELOW)

1.	2.
1 WHAT TENSE?	2 WHAT CASE?
EXAM 	
3 WHAT PERSON?	4. WHAT NUMBER?
ANSWERS NO.1-CANVAS- NO.3- DIZZY- NO.2-HOPELESS- NO.4 - WRONG-	

IRONY—



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FAMOUS BUTS

———ton
———ter
———I can't
Goat———(?)
Cigarette———
———end.
Carolyn———.

Have you ever seen Mr. Mergandahl continually shaking a piece of chalk in his hand with that distinctly "seven, come eleven" motion?

AN ALUMNI WAIL

To the tune of "Old Black Joe."

(Play it on your Victrola and get a handkerchief.)
Gone are the days of High School bright and gay,
Gone are our friends to distant schools (?) away,
Gone from the "now"—to a mem'ry tender yet;
We hear the gentle whispers calling, "Don't Forget!"

Refrain: We're longing, we're longing,
For the days when last we met,
As we hear the gentle whispers calling, "Don't Forget!"

TEACHER: "Correct this sentence, 'The liquor what the man brought was soon drunk.'"

FRESHWOMAN: "The man what brought the liquor was soon drunk."

DUMB: "Will you give me a place in your heart?"

BELLE: "Yes, if you can pay the rent."

COP: "What's the matter, are you afraid of the dog?"

WOP: "No, but I don't want my pants to be frayed."

MISS LELAND (in Geometry): "What is a polygon?"

STEWART: "A dead parrot."

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

EVERYDAY OCCURRENCES

The man of taking ways-pickpocket.
“ “ “ fetching manners—waiter.
“ “ “ winning personality (sometimes)—gambler.
“ “ “ striking attitudes—pugilist.
“ “ “ promise—debtor.
“ “ “ sterling wealth—silversmith.
“ “ “ decision—baseball umpire.

WOULD IT WERE SO

A cautious young fellow was Clapp,
Who never left shaving to chance.
“ ’Tis hard times,” he said,
“So I’m keeping ahead—
I’m shaving a week in advance.”

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

She (over the telephone): “Sure, come up about eight tonight. There won’t be any one home.”
And he went. And there wasn’t any one home.

MARJORIE SCOTT, ’22.

SOME ARTIST

Though our Roger’s not timid or frail
It’s really a shame he’s a male
Could he work a transection
His fair pink complexion
Would make Mary Garden look pale.

Jack O’Brien who spends time writing notes
And Henry Ford’s queer anecdotes
Gets many a pleasure
And joy without measure
In capturing pedagogue’s goats.



THE TUNERVILLE



LET'S MAKE UP



PALS



YOUNGSTERS



THE PERFECT CLASSROOM

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

OUR BEAU

The boy stood in the moonlight,
Fighting his battle alone,
Below him beat the pounding sea,
Above, the pale moon shone.

He feels that the world is infinite,
And he but a battling mite,
You long to go up and comfort him,
You hesitate—would it look right?

Now, wild pacing in the moonlight,
He comes to the edge of the cliff,
He stops as if pondering a moment,
Then exclaims, "Oh, who'll know the dif?"

Now he comes nearer the edge and still nearer,
And now he prepares to jump,
"Oh, stop him! How can I stop him?"
Your heart stops and starts with a thump.

Now he is—quite imaginary,
So if you have read this through,
Remember others have read it
Who were quite as dumb as you.

HESTER LEITNER, '22.

AMERICAN FOR THE AMERICANS!

(Sample translation of Virgil from Volume 9999999 of the "All-American Pocket Trot Series." We supplied 75 Newton High Seniors last year. Only 74 are repeating. The other is working. Guaranteed to pass any examination given by high school authorities. Handy size with flesh-colored binding for sleeve or pocket. It speaks for itself. Ask the man who owns one. It satisfies. Only 25c. at any good drug store. Jamaica Ginn Co., Publishers.)

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HOW PRIAM'S WIFE CASHED IN ON THE OLD GENT'S LIFE INSURANCE

Virgil's "Aeneid," Book II, lines 506-553.

(For the benefit of those of our readers who have not had the pleasure of perusing the Latin masterpiece, we introduce the passage with some explanatory words. Our hero Aeneas, having escaped from the affair himself, and feeling pretty snug with the Carthaginian booze of Queen Dido, is making her hair jazz on edge with a 10-reel yarn on the Greeksack of Troy. He has just hiccoughed the gentle manner in which Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, is effecting a second story entrance into King (Grandpa) Priam's summer residence. That gentleman is beginning to take notice of the event and—well, read on through this marvelous labor-saving translation written in language that a two-year-old baby can understand.)

AT LAST

“Maybe you'll ask what Priam's luck was.
When he saw that the burg was in for a K. O.
And that the doors to his hangout wouldn't be
Worth a lead nickel when they got through with them,
And that the enemy was mussing it up
All over the place, the old boy got out his Sam Browne
(He was an officer in the Palace Crap Corps)
And tin lid with rust three inches deep, and hung
Them on his joints shimmeying with age, dug up an
Iron barrel stave—he called it a sword when he was
Knee-high to a grasshopper—and just about decided
To croak in the enemies' arms.
Way in the palace, just off the big banquet hall
And the billiard rooms, was an open air smoking-room,
With a Davenport backed up by a hat-tree inherited
From the gardens of great-uncle Methuselah.
Some dumbell had left a Fatima going on the couch.
Here wife Hecuba and her female menagerie,
Like a bunch of cuckoos in a Sou'wester
Were hanging on to the Davenport's legs.
When she saw the old gent himself all dressed up
In his old Crap Corps suit: ‘Ye gods and little fishes,
You poor saphead, what's struck you? Or why go

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

West like this?' she yelled. 'It's no time for fooling;
Not even if my little Hector were here to play.

Come on, old man, this hat-tree will hide us,—if it don't,
Lumber's cheap just now.' Then she shut up,
Yanked friend husband towards her and
Bounced him down in front of the northwest lounge-leg.
Just then, in comes son Polites, beating it from Pyrrhus who
Was it in a little game of tag:
Friend Pyrrhus enters at 60 per, boiling like
A Henry's radiator in February, corners his man,
And tags with a perfectly stunning love-tap.
Polites did the grapevine, the ground came up to hit
Him and they held the sponge with Ma and Pa looking on.
Right here, Priam, though his living chances weren't
Worth a postage stamp, couldn't keep his yap closed.
'May the powers that be,' he howled, 'if there are any,
Give you all that's coming to you, you beggar, who
Just bought my kid's ticket for the Styx with me in
A box seat. I tell you, young fellow, Achilles,
Your would-be old man (whom you resemble about
As much as a door-post) wasn't such a crook with me;
He was square, he gave me Hector on a silver plate,
And a pass to go home on.' And so the old guy raved
And pegged a rubber spear which telescoped
The top button on Pyrrhus's ulster. But the
Last-mentioned gent had a comeback:
'All right, be your own bell-hop, and tell that to Dad;
Don't forget to squeal on my dirty doings and cold feet.
Just now, take the next boat for Hades.'
Meanwhile, he grabbed the old duffer's
Arrow-proof collar and hauled him as he
Skidded in his son's home-brew, pinned him by the
Hair on his bald head, took out his
Nickel-plated bowie-knife and
Used the old codger's heart for a sheath."

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OUR CAPTAIN



BARBARA



MR. RICHMOND



WABANITES



HERB

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

MORE FEATURES

By CAROLYN BUTTS

They asked me to
Write some
Features for the
Newtonian.
I always thought that
Features were painted, not
Written.
I've seen painted
Features
In
School, and
Features
Painted in school.
Of the first class there are
Features that
Are painted well,
And others
That
Are well painted.
I've seen the second
Type on posters
In our
Halls,
Painted by
Feature Painters.
And some with painted features
Have crudely
Outlined
Features, which they'd
Dare not
Show their
Instructors.
Can you
Feature
That!

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DATES WORTH REMEMBERING

June 5, 1500 B. C. —Newton High School Gym built.

June 5, 1499 B. C. —Newton High School Pupils start asking for new locker room.

April 1, 2001 —The teachers all obey the signs on the fire screens.

September 20, 1989—Boys allowed to attend the girls' basket-ball games.

FRANNY: (at a baseball game) "Oh look! I didn't know Shad played two positions."

ALICE: "Neither did I. Does he?"

FRANNY: "Yes—see, he's up to bat now and he was out in the field a little while ago."

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Room 23 absolutely quiet.

Miss Owen forgetting to ask for a written excuse.

"Bunny" Tower getting to school on time.

Miss O'Hara with her hair a la ""

The "Toonerville" starting on the first crank.

Dow getting enthusiastic over something.

"Don" Reynolds taking life easy.

Miss Owen saying in lunch A: "Go ahead and eat your lunch, children, I know you're hungry."

Noyes and Colburn in good with Miss Owen.

"Bobby" Cooke's flivver deserted (except during school hours).

"Benny" Margolin taking a girl to the senior dance.

"Emmy" Murphy saying more than necessary.

"Doc" saying: "Never mind turning in your stuff."

"Ray" Brown going to the Symphony on Saturday night.

The Office without Miss Wise.

"Shad" Osborne not falling down in a hockey game.

"Doc" saying: "Valentine's Valspar Varnish."

Gordon Jenkins with the blues.

"Al" Kawel walking to school.

"Bob" Moir not causing Mr. Hertelle any trouble.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

OUR MOVIE BILL

FEATURING

Carl F. Schipper in "His Own Car."
Clark Weymouth in "The Speed King."
Catherine Pedley in "French Heels."
"Don" Grey in "The Flyweight."
"Midge" Tucker in "Sitting Still."
C. H. M. in "Sandy."
"Oodles," "Mac," "Bud," "Turk" in "The Four Horsemen."
Edith Stahleker in "Pardon My Nerve."
Mildred and "Marge" in "Foolish Wives."
Marjorie Scott in "The Rising Tide of Color."
Colburn, McDavitt, and Schipper in "The Three Musketeers."
Francis Henry Russell in "What's In a Name."
Edith Frost in "Why Men Leave Home."

HOW WE KNOW THEM

"Dicky" Richards . . .	By her specs.
Francis Henry Russell . . .	By his politics.
"Ed" Loughrey . . .	By his eloquence.
"Bob" Salinger . . .	By his grin.
"Rog" Salinger . . .	By his chuckle.
"Jake" Stafford . . .	By his broken field running.
Miriam White . . .	By her smile.
"Bunny" Tower . . .	By her looks.
"Bobby" Bartlett . . .	By her "bob."
George Pierce . . .	By his blush.
"Don" Reynolds . . .	By his stories.
Mr. Winthrop . . .	By his bow ties.
"Art" Shaw . . .	By his laugh.
"Web" Wiggin . . .	By his orchestra.
Walter McQuiston . . .	By his scuff.
"Pat" Hatch . . .	By her checkered stockings.

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JUST SUPPOSE THAT

School didn't begin till nine o'clock.
There was plenty of room in the school cars on a stormy day.
The passing mark was 40.
The school was composed of boys only.
The school was composed of girls only.
The football team had gone to Pasadena.
"Hockey" and Winslow Hartford were chums.
"Mac" Noyes went with Mildred, and "Bob" went with "Margie."
Every one called "Jake" Alfred.
"Pat" Hatch didn't have any beaus or sweaters.
Those sophomore girls never wrote any notes.
Caesar, Cicero and Virgil had never been born.

PERMANENT OCCUPATIONS

CHAPPLE: Leaning on his chair.
CLAPP: Sitting on tacks.
DARRELL: Writing poems.
DUNLOP: Sharpening his pencil.
HOLMES: Picking up the hockey cage.
LOUGHREY: Winning prize speaking contests.
McDAVITT: Winning the 30.
McKEON: Mumbling.
Any day in Room 12: Waiting for the cars to go by.

FAMOUS SAYINGS

MISS HAZEN: "All those whose names I read will report at 1:50."
MISS OWEN: "Who is making that nervous noise?"
MISS POORE: "Keep your seats; that bell is for me, not for you."
MR. MERGENDAHL: "I confess without the slightest conceit that I, etc. etc."
MR. MARSON: "Will the sewing circle at the back of the room please adjourn."
MR. HERTELLE: "Al' ight."
MR. MARSON: "The secretary's report."
CARL SCHIPPER: "I don't see how we can be expected to do that, Miss Smith."

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Your nose knows	Lunch room menu.
Lucky Strike	Coach Dickinson.
The Universal Car	Wilbur Maynard's Dodge.
Hart, Schaffner and Marx	"Don" Fairweather.
Photo by	Lawlor.
Nuxated Iron	"Big" Bowen.
Arrow Collars	"Al" Kawel.
It Pays to Advertise—The College Board	Mr. Mergendahl.
Three-in-One	Osborne and Stafford.
Time to Retire	After a (Physics) (Latin) Exam.
Champion	Football Team.
Eventually! Why Not Now?	A new grandstand.
Save the surface and you save all	J. E. Clapp
Remove that film	Charles Ray in "The Clodhopper" (Remember?)
Have you a little fairy in your home?	"Tubber" Weymouth.
High as the Alps in Quality	Miss McGill.
Like Mother used to make	Miss Carleton's lectures.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Mr. Marson didn't have "Lal" Butts to ask to stop talking.
"Lib" Donovan was caught cribbing.
"Frosty" and "Nancy" were separated.
"Bill" Chapple forgot to smile at all the girls.
Gordon Jenkins was a teacher's pet.
The lockers really locked.
Mr. Mergendahl pulled a *new* "wise crack."
"Lib" Newton walked home alone.
The girls' dressing rooms didn't have any mirrors.
Henry Whitmore went on a wild party.

I WONDER

Why all the thumb tacks disappear from the bulletin boards.
Why Mr. Mergendahl isn't a great engineer.
Why all the fellows laugh when some one says, "Oh, Min."
If "Bill" Chapple will be on time at his wedding.

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THE WOMAN HATERS, INC.

"Al" Kawel,
"Al" Dunlop,
O'Donnell,
Hunter,
Murphy,
Salinger,
Noyes.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

Mr. Mergendahl forgets his ten week hair-cut.
Mr. Davis considering anything before N. H. S.
Every article eaten in the lunch room, honestly paid for.
"Shad" Osborne not getting hold of a newspaper while calling on a girl.
Murphy answers a question with one word.
Any one passing a paper to the "Features Staff" without something about Bobby
Cooke's flivver.
Two people spell our male French teacher's name the same way.
Mr. Dickinson delivers an oration at a dinner.
Jerry with a grouch.
Mr. Mergendahl using only white chalk.
"Don" and "Ed" with nothing to do.
Darrell contributes to Hot Dog.

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If a woman's sulky and will not speak—Exciter.
If she gets too excited—Controller.
If she talks too long—Interrupter.
If her way of thinking is not yours—Converter.
If she is willing to come half way—Meter.
If she will come all the way—Receiver.
If she wants to go further—Conductor.
If she would go still further—Dispatcher.
If she wants to be an angel—Transformer.
If she wants chocolate—Feeder.
If she sings wrong—Tuner.
If she is wrong—Rectifier.
If she is cold to you—Heater.
If she gossips too much—Regulator.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

A SONNET

Alack-a-day! how utter my lament!
How colorless life stretches to its end!
For grasping hands, on sordid goal intent,
Have snatched from me my treasure and my friend!
For my eraser has been purloined e'er
Its fragrant angularity had fled;
And on my desk an aching void is where
But yesterday t'was wont to lay its head.
Could I but learn the thieving scoundrel's name,
Who, lacking the wherewithal to buy his own,
Dared to lay finger on the trembling frame
Of my eraser, he with heart of stone,
No punishment would justly fit his crime
But giving that name in this awful rhyme!

FRENCH IRREGULAR REFLEXIVE VERB

Je me grin
Tu te giggle
Il se laugh
Nous nous crackleons
Vous vous splittiez
Ils se bust.

SOPHOMORE: "Why did the crocus" (crow cuss)?

FRESHMAN: "Dunno, give it up."

SOPHOMORE: "Because he saw the snowdrop, of course."

BERTHA ADAMS, '24.

DERE MABLE: Our comp'ny has been removed, on foot, fifty *miles south* of our last stoppin' place. *Ow'en* to the lack of trains, or whatever they call those "40 om" "8 chevo" things, we had to *curri'er* packs and everything in the blazing syn, all the way. Believe me! our *poore* feet felt like ocean liners or warships or any other thing that's heavy. Did ja ever *hertel* of any thing so outrageous! Those low-down, mean officers don't even treat us as if we were *wight*. They go *capron* round and *ha('en* us all day from bugle to bugle. We

THE 1922 NEWTONIAN

fellas just get *wilder* and *wilder* every minute listenin' to those *wise* guys give off orders a mile a minute. Take it from me, if there's another war and I have a son of age, *ma son* will be an officer from the start. He won't never have to go through the same *mills* I've been through.

Ow'en to the fact that the Y. M. is about to close, I'll close first.

Yours till the butterflies,

BILL.

P. S. I surely admire all the officers in this outfit. They're wonderful.

P. S. 2. Narrow escape. The Top Sarg. was standing in back of me just then. Please forget I ever wrote the P. S. No. 1.

B. x x x x.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

No one heard the signal, it was a still alarm,
Yet in the silent darkness the high school came to harm;
The flames licked up the walls, the books were burned to trash,
The sides fell slowly inward, the roof fell with a crash.

And in the early morning all flocked to see the ruin,
Where midst the burning charcoal an Algebra was stewin,'
A Freshman wept at sight of it, a Sophomore looked blue,
Because he saw among the wreck a Caesar cooking, too.

Every one was filled with grief, each heart was full of sorrow,
With swollen eyes they turned away to come back on the morrow.
But alas! their hearts then failed them, they could not stand the strain,
They left the place with sobs and sighs and ne'er came back again.

ERNESTINE WILDER.

CRASH! Thunderous, sonorous, passionate, resounding chords explode in a successive line. A tranquil lull, like the sun-deluged hours of mid-day after a terrific storm. Soaring, sublime, lofty, melodies. Oh, lithe, tilting trill! Each key down the entire board is played distinctly, though surely musically and artistically. Hark! Lo! the thunderous chords—a volley of uninterrupted shots; heart-gripping and nerve-racking a gentle rapping, tapping. Stop! is that the thousandth time I have heard that? Ah! now it appears a duet has entered. Unitedly, the aloof harmonies (slightly discordant), the insistent knockings, the going up and down stairs (scale), and the wrathful, provoking, ear-

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

splitting bangs (enough to drive a man to drink). Who, what can this be—paragon, prodigy, genius, idiot or fool? Let us gaze upon the unknown, dexterous performer, the crazy man!

The skilled composition has ended! A baby with a flamingo head and jam besprinkled hands, and a sheepish looking cat are being yanked down uncere- moniously and unitedly, from their exalted site, by an excited, peevish mother. It is distressing! Let us draw the curtain after this painful disillusionment, this disheartening spectacle!

The Pawn Shop

A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

SCENE: A Dilapidated Pawn Shop.

TIME: Feb. 30, 1935. Closing Time.

CHARACTERS

Proprietor: GORDEN JINN.

Persistant: MARGE MUCKER. Chews a wicked cud.

Errand Boy: SKIPPER. Noted for speed.

Ardent Lover: G. PRICE. Has a waye of his own.

(Run up curtain.) (Don't forget to come down.)

G. JINN: (Rubbing hands.) That's what I call a good days bisness, Marge. Over one hundred ruples goes in the sock, tonight. And what an 'joyable day it was, too. Seein' and hearin' 'bout mi old friends.

MARGE: (Powdering nose.) (She now blows up.) Say, I thought I'd split when that gent, Price comes rushin' in and wants to sell the ring. Too bad that case fisselled for Tatty was one swell queen.

G. JINN: Yes, it's a shame. And did yur see him turn pink when he recognized you and me.

MARGE: Hope to die if I didn't. What was it he said about Norm Ross? Running a dance hall, wasn't it? And Web Wiggin played there with his twenty-five piece orchestra. Some class. The feature this week was a fancy dancer by the name of Miss O'Hara.

G. JINN: Yes, dot's right. Runnin' a dance hall. But who was thot man who wanted to pawn some silver?

MARGE: Do you mean Kelloway?

G. JINN: Thot's him. He told me he was operating a lunchroom called the "Grimmy Fork." Murphy is his head waiter. He must look cute with a napkin tied around his waist. Harding, is the cashier. More money lost. And Miss White is one of the waitresses. Weymouth is head bouncer and Noble's band plays during the intermissions. Some combination! A hard safe to crack!

MARGE: (Using lip-stick.) Then that fellow named Regan. He looked prosperous. Wanted to sell you a ticket to some show, didn't he?

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

G. JINN: Yes, he's manager of the New Howard Theatre that's stagin' a play called "The Thirteenth Warning", by Donald Reynolds, starring Helen Pratt, his wife, who is also a great lover of Kipling.

MARGE: Now, ain't that just grand? And Crane was an usher at the theatre, I think he said.

G. JINN: Besides Miss Duffield, who sells tickets at the peek-a-boo place. Oh, 'tis great to find that so many of the old class are makin' good. All but a few. Reg. Capon, for instance,—he came in this noon-time while you were at "hash" and he tried to coax a V-spot from my roll, for a set of old books that he claims he wrote himself, and had Georgie Horr print them up. *Virgil Trot* and *Fox Trot* was the title with a page of comic pictures by Moir.

MARGE: Yur don't say. That's a sad case. Almost as sorrowful a case as that of the good looking fellow that tried to pawn his gold football. Poor, chap, he said that no girl would give him anything for it, but perhaps we would. I took pity on Shad and gave him an old shovel in exchange for it. When he saw it his face beamed all over and he vowed he'd turn over the earth, and make his way yet, in spite of the entricing damsels. A regular old bachlar, he'll be.

G. JINN: (Picking up paper.) Did yur see the latest. Miss Richards beating out Loughrey for Senatorship.

MARGE: I always knew women would get there show at messing up diplomatic measures. I bet they can make a bigger muddle of it then men ever thought of.

(Pulls out gum and let's it snap back into mouth.)

G. JINN: I see by this that Holmes won the prize for the greatest number of strokes in a recent tournament. Bless my wooden leg. Listen to this. The cup was presented by J. McKeon, Jr., President of the Brazil Golf Society, who made a long and impressive speech. Some speed to Jacky. What's this? Hello! Dunlop and Frost, Dancers Unusual at Ray Brown's "Sadity" next week. More sport new's. Well, well, no wonder. This is edited by Darrell, writer and poet. He always did strive to please, hence all the news about sports. Charles Brown, noted quarter-miler of renown fame, holder of the world's record of covering the distance in 25 sec. and 427/5, has positively, absolutely, run his last race until his wife gives him a run for his money. He intends to settle down—he'd better sittle up first—and "draw" his living.

MARGE: From what the girls told me, I never realized that he was a speedy boy. Why, I remember when—.

(Enter Skipper.)

SKIPPER: Oh, gee, yur ought to see the old foggy outside that's raving on about a club. Come'n look.

(All pile to window.)

THE 1922 NEWTONIAN

G. JINN: Who do yur mean. The one on the soap-box?

SKIPPER: Yes, and with the long beard.

G. JINN: Bless my wig, that's Clapp. Probably spreading publicity about his Klapp Klub, that has had such a remarkable record for developing criminals.

SKIPPER: 'Tis "Mary" sure as Quartz is a dumbell. Wouldn't that jar your mother's preserves?

G. JINN: (Coming away from window.) Say, young man, what do you think I forget to pay you for. Foolin'? Well guess again.

SKIPPER: Oh, please, sir, don't be so cruel. Oh, why did I leave my mama an' good old London.

G. JINN: Quite, lad, you will not get fired—yet. But about the loan to Kawels' Haberdashery Store on the overcoat—did you take it to the right floor?

SKIPPER: Oh, yes, sir—that is, sir—I couldn't remember if you said the 67th or the 76th, so I splite the difference and left it on the 71st and half floor.

G. JINN: Bless my glass eye—you're a bright boy. You must wash in "Golddust." Shines all metals and ivory.

SKIPPER: Who'd you think I saw outside the store, all dolled up in his Sunday best? Russel. He informed me that he was acting as a dummy for displaying the latest Paris fashions.

MARGE: He didn't have to act much to play that part, I'll swagger.

SKIPPER: And the elevator girl was a peachirino. Bunny Tower was her trade mark.

G. JINN: Bless my fause teeth. I always did say Bunny would attain great highths. How could she help it with such a name as Tower.

SKIPPER: When I returned that umbrella yur gave me, I discovered Bobby Bartlett makin' a statue or somethin'. She was glad to get the rain-shedder and just as I was leavin', I spied Betty Cole posing as her model. I guess she was Cole all right—all right. Then down in the hall I met Whitmore. He tried to make himself as small as possible, but I caught on that he was the janitor for he hid a dustpan behind his overhauls.

MARGE: Oh, glory be.

G. JINN: Did you do that erran over to McDavitt's Garage?

SKIPPER: Sure. Saw the boss n'everything. He's just made a slick deal he says. Brought Cooke's Toonerville Tolley for \$50,000.00. Some bargain. Eh?

G. JINN: Bless my Rubber neck, it's unusable. He's a nut.

SKIPPER: He knows that—I mean he knows it's unusable, but he says it'll make a dandy window display—a car that did the work of ten. He claims it's worth a mint as a curiosity and rare gem.

G. JINN: Oh! maybe—but maybe not.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

SKIPPER: Pat, his wife, was pumping up tires and she must work hard for she's as skinney as a rail.

MARGE: Either that or Mac doesn't feed her well.

SKIPPER: Mac told me that he was runnin' a taxi service and Roy Salinger had been hired to act as chauffer. Good-bye cars when Roger "B" gets hold of them.

G. JINN: No, he took it all out on Cooke's Ucrankit Ist.

SKIPPER: Any more jobs to do on the way home?

G. JINN: No—Yes—bless my hot water bottle, I almost forgot. Mr. Hardy, the millionaire, owner of the Belleview Hotel forgot his slip for the pearl necklace he left.

SKIPPER: Necklace? He must of lost in a game of tumbling blocks or else disappointed in love.

MARGE: (Heaving long sigh). Probably the latter. I know just how he feels.

G. JINN: Did I tell you, Mr. Hardy was driven here in his 36-cylinder car by Taylor? I believe he was a chauffer once before in Players Hall or some other swell place.

MARGE: Yes, and he told me that Bob Stopford was his head chef at the hotel. A dandy boiler of water, I hear. His brother, Bill, was bell-hop and full of hops also. Miss Middleton has every bodies' number for she's the telephone operator there while Miss Butts works at the cigar counter.

SKIPPER: Most of the class of '22 runs the Belleview it seems. I forgot to tell you that I saw Jack Brewer on the street carrying a box of tools. No not a burglar but a first-class carpenter. He put me wise to the fact that Bob and Milly had just moved out into the country, for Doctor O'Brien advised purer air for the little tots. He said Bob was happy with his work which consists of the undertaking business. Jack also just learned that Alice Brace had recently been elected chairman of the rules committee for the Women's Football Association. She's also a woman judge for the female baseball league that's been started.

G. JINN: Speaking of sports. How are those for boxing gloves? Bowen left them this forenoon. Says that he's cleaned up the continent and is now going to retire and loaf. Up to his same old tricks.

MARGE: (Fussing with hair). I see Herb Garrity is a second Hood's and Son for he won a cow at a raffle the other night.

SKIPPER: Some milkman! His team-mate Jake has gone on the stage a la Al Jolson, but its a dark secret.

G. JINN: But, bless my pajamas, the surprise to me is Colburn. Ambassador

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to Greenland. Has a wonderful understanding of the Latin tongue and a wicked way with the ladies.

MARGE: "Hockey" all over. Let's change the subject. Went to the circus last night. Saw "Puck" Drowne up against a net, doggin' 'em. No not pucks but baseball for he was blackened up and kept offerin' a cigar if they could hit him. At the ticket gate I met Stuart and he let me by. Believe me he's a Friend to everybody. During the show I spied "Don" Grey disguised as a Maine lumberman, chopping a limb in two.

G. JINN: Maynard is the publicity manager for the three-ringer I think, for the "Highbrow" came out with large headlines that Maynard would give a large party celebrating his recent success as publicity manager.

SKIPPER: I'll bet there was a hot time doin'. Comin' back to the shop tonight I met Mielman turning the crank of a hand organ. I chucked him a peso and hurried on.

G. JINN: So that's how you squander your money. If you only sent for Miss Colley's "Education by Mail or Female" your money would be lost in a surer way.

SKIPPER: Maybe—but I'm takin' a short course in long hand now. Morton's Method, claimed to be the most complicated system invented so others can't decipher messages.

MARGE: Hurry up and put away the dime-diamond rings for its time to clear out of this mouldy shack.

G. JINN: It'll be pleasanter when that electrician, Bianchi, gets the place wired up.

(Noise of breaking dishes heard above).

SKIPPER: Holy peat. What's that.

MARGE: Oh, only the girl that lives up above playin' the piano. A Miss McCaul I think.

SKIPPER: (Starts to leave). Please excuse me then if that's going to be kept up.

(Exits but is keeled over by the sudden entrance of G. Price.)

G. PRICE: I'm in a great rush.

G. JINN: (Dryly). So I percieve.

G. PRICE: I wish to—I want—have you still the ring I left this morning?

G. JINN: I have unless it got mixed up with the other glass stone rings. Ah! Here it is.

G. PRICE: Good. I wish to buy it back. You think it strange no doubt—but I just came from Morse, the inventor of the love-machine and I know now that she loves me. I'm in a hurry for Rev. Noyes, the minister is waiting at the church around the corner.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

G. JINN: Well, bless my bow legs but I'm pleased. She's a lucky girl. Please give her our congratulations.

G. PRICE: (Leaving). Thanks, I will. I know it will tickle the dear girl, and I'm sure Catherine Pedley and I extend an invitation to you all to our house warming after the wedding. (All faint.)

QUICK CURTAIN.

S. J. '22.



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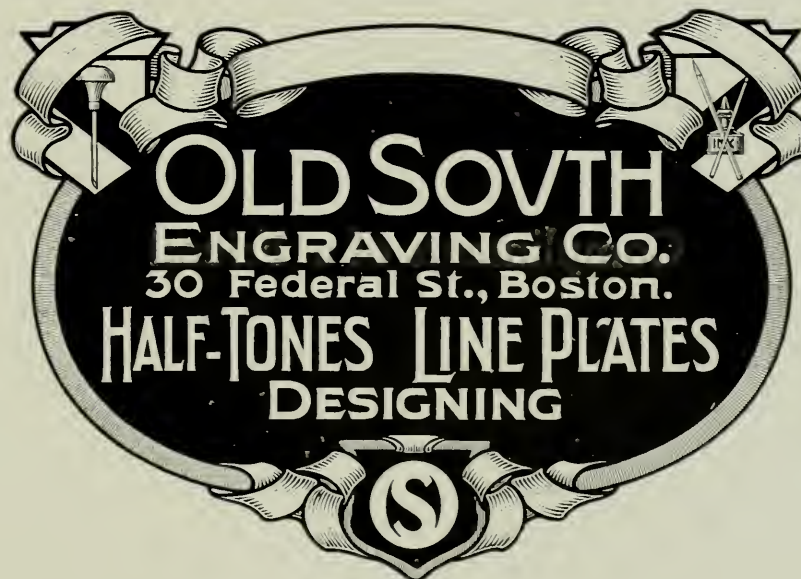
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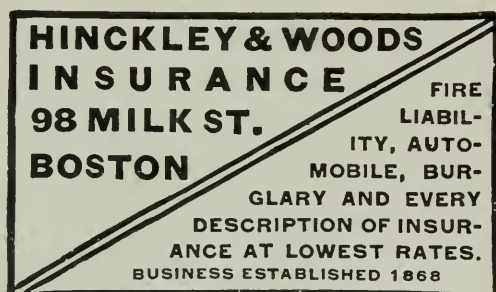
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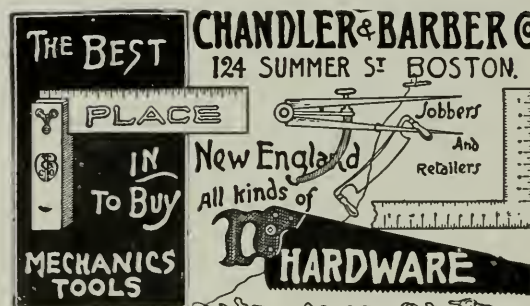
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